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To the MOST

# Impudent MAN alive.

Illuſtrious SIR,

IT is with the higheſt ſenſe of your merit, that I take the liberty of dedicating the following ſheets to you, as the propereſt perſon to ſecure this work from the ſneers of ſelf-imagined wits, and the attacks of pſeudo-critics. So modeſt a performance requires a doughty champion to protect it from the rage of folly and impertinence: And who ſo fit as you, Sir, *The moſt impudent Man alive?*

I mean not to flatter you, or adulate your parts and abilities, great as they are: I leave that to ſycophants and

mercenary dedicators. The world is already ſufficiently acquainted with you and your virtue, to need no comment from ſo baſhful a pen as mine. The purport of this addreſs is, therefore, only to intreat your countenance, ſo eſſential in all great enterprizes, in the proſecution of this work; which will confer an ineſtimable obligation on,

SIR,

Your humble Admirer,

The Bluſhing AUTHOR.

# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# Bedford Coffee-Houſe.

IT is ſurpriſing that this place, ſo replete with matter, and ſuch a field for obſervation, ſhould have hitherto eſcaped the pens of all our hiſtorians, noveliſts, and memoir-writers. This ſpot, which has been ſignalized, for many years, as the emporium of wit, the ſeat of criticiſm, and the ſtandard of taſte, is likely to be obliterated to poſterity, if ſome ad-

venturous bard ſhould not deign to tranſmit its anecdotes to that period, when we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, thro' the natural viciſſitude of things, no veſtiges of it can poſſibly remain. With this laudable deſign, I have ventured to take up the quill, which, though feeble, will exert itſelf to convey an impartial idea of this receptacle of modern genius's, to point out the various changes it has underwent for theſe ten years laſt paſt, relate the moſt intereſting hiſtories of thoſe who have frequented it, and depict a lively deſcription of thoſe ſcenes which have rendered it the moſt celebrated.

The ſituation of this place neceſſarily makes it a convenient aſſembly for thoſe who frequent the theatres, as well as thoſe who exert their talents to pleaſe the public in dramatic performances;

ances; and, for the ſame reaſon, it may be looked upon as the centre of gravitation between the court and city; the noxious effluvia of St. Bride's is here corrected by the genuine Eau de Luce from Pallmall, and the predominence of ambergriſe at St. James's is qualified by the wholeſome tar of Thames-ſtreet. Nor does the converſation receive a leſs happy effect from this junction; the price of ſtocks, and the lie of the day from the Alley, are ſoftened by the *bon mot* of Lady Dolabella, which ſet every ſoul at the Ducheſs Trifle's rout in a titter; or the duel that was fought this morning between Captain Terrible and Lord Puncto, when both of them were mortally wounded *in the coat*. By this fortunate menſtruum in converſation all political controverſies are prevented;

and one ſcarce knows here how affairs go in Germany, without a mail is in that day, and the Doctor is under ſome apprehenſions for the King of Pruſſia. In that caſe we are generally diverted, in every ſenſe, by a ſtory from F—te, or the purſuit of a mouſe by ſome *Knight Errant*, famous in chivalry. By theſe means (though politics are ſeldom brought upon the carpet) a battle in Saxony, or a rout in Weſtphalia, have been accurately illuſtrated, to the pleaſure and ſatisfaction of all bye-ſtanders. A ſtudent never launches from Oxford or Cambridge; a lawyer's clerk never claps on a ſword, or a haberdaſher's 'prentice a cue-wig, but he makes his appearance here. In a word, a blood never comes upon the town, or a hero never goes off the ſtage, without taking his degrees here. It is

here

here that modeſty and baſhfulneſs, which diſtinguiſh the young men of ſpirit of this age, are firſt acquired: It is here they receive their finiſhing ſtroke of education, and ſtart genius's, critics, bucks, fops, and fools.

Though it muſt certainly be acknowledged, that *dramatic affairs* are here the *affairs of ſtate*, and it is of more viſible (ay, and real) importance to the majority, whether the *little man* ſtill remains at the *helm*, than whether Mr. P— is *in* or *out* of the adm——n; there are matters of other conſequence tranſacted here. There is ſcarce a quarrel of any import, that has not had its riſe, its progreſs, or its iſſue here: the heroes generally make their appearance, at leaſt once upon this ſtage (ſo near and ſo analogous to the others); and ſhould they be ſo unfor-

tunate as to loſe ſomething in point of *fame*, they generally make it up in point of *noiſe*. This may be called the theatre of valour and punctilio, and is the proper ſpot for a court of honour; a thing ſo much wanted, and ſo little underſtood in this kingdom.

Another claſs who reſort hither, make very little noiſe, either at the Bedford, or in the world, though their ſole buſineſs is to be heard and attended to: I mean we gentlemen authors, who ſcrawl upon our knees for want of a table, run a tick at the chandler-ſhop for our paper, and have ſcarce intereſt with our landlady for a dinner. I ſhewed this very piece, when I had got thus far, to mine; and I ſhould have went without a meal, had it not been upon the Bedford Coffee-houſe ſcore.—O! Mr. Hobſter,—you know not

not what obligations I have to you!— How often have I went on truſt with you for a ſupper! How often have I had coffee and bread and butter in lieu of a dinner! How often have I ſkulked out of the back-door, when I have had no money to pay! What provender! what ſupplies do I ſee *in futuro* upon the credit of your houſe! But, I ſay, no more as to ſelf. A poor author is but a bad theme.

In the year 1751, from whence I date theſe memoirs, Dr. H— commenced a new paper under the title of *Inſpector*, which he uſhered into the world with panegyrical remarks on Mr. Grey's elegy in a country church-yard: the paper ſucceeded beyond the author or the publiſher's moſt ſanguine expectations, as long as he remained incognito; but a certain

natural vanity, which that gentleman could never ſurmount, prompted him to reveal the author of ſo well received a piece; and from that moment he made himſelf anſwerable for what was publiſhed under his ſanction. In the courſe of his lucubrations he had attacked ſome private characters; but as this was done under a maſked battery, he eſcaped with impunity. A duel that happened at the Braund's head in Bond-ſtreet, gave him occaſion to cenſure a Lady's conduct, who was entirely blameleſs; the world took ſhare in her injury, and he loſt credit in proportion, with them. The laſt reſource of proſtitutes is to ſupport themſelves by the means they have been debaſed; and, ſorry I am to ſay it, the Doctor adopted this maxim, which coſt him not only his literary,

but

but alſo his perſonal reputation. Mr. B——, an Iriſh merchant, who had travelled abroad, and was on his return to Ireland, in London, had been repreſented to him as a proper character for ridicule; the Doctor, without heſitation, drew him at length. Mr. B— preſently knew himſelf, and wrote to the Doctor, inſiſting upon a public declaration, that the character there drawn was not meant for him. Mr. H—, inſtead of complying herewith, publiſhed his letter, which was not exempt from ſome grammatical and orthographical errors: this ſo exaſperated Mr. B—, that he poſted the Doctor at the Bedford, threatening him with bodily correction wherever he met him: and he was as good as his word; for, a few nights after, meeting him at Ranelagh, he found

an opportunity of pulling off his wig, and buffeting it about his face, which the Doctor bore with all the philoſophical reſignation of a Diogenes.

However, the Doctor endeavoured to palliate his conduct upon this occaſion; and repreſented, *in his paper*, that he had been attacked by ſeveral armed men in one of the bye-walks, who had uſed him ſo ill that his life was in danger:—But this only ſerved to increaſe the ridicule againſt him, and, inſtead of re-inſtating him in the good opinion of the public, brought upon him a ſhoal of ſarcaſms, which, at length, obliged him to drop his paper. He did not, however, accompliſh this, before he had endeavoured to corrupt Mr. Fielding, who then wrote the Covent-Garden Journal, ſo far as to want him to commence an

imaginary

imaginary literary war, which he thought would be the means of ſtill ſupporting his paper; but this Mr. Fielding refuſed, with a juſt ſpirit of reſentment.

Thus ended the *Inſpector*, which had given riſe to this *reign* of the Bedford; had placed there the Lion from Button's, which proved ſo ſerviceable to *Steele*, and once more fixed the dominion of wit in Covent-Garden.

In the courſe of theſe papers, the Doctor had taken occaſion to animadvert upon the conduct of the managers of the theatres; particularly with reſpect to a rival pantomime, which then engaged the attention of the town; and Mr. Woodward, who performed Harlequin, found himſelf criticiſed in his conduct, for having

taken notice of a perſon, who threw an apple from one of the boxes. This Woodward very ſmartly reſented in a letter to the Doctor, which the world attributed to Mr. Garrick.

The reign of wit and pleaſantry did not, however, ceaſe at the Bedford upon the demiſe of the Inſpector; a race of punſters next ſucceeded; a particular box was allotted for this occaſion, out of the hearing of the Lady at the bar, that the *double entendres*, which were ſometimes very indelicate, might not offend her.

*Errato* was born and bred an apothecary; from a ſmattering of the claſſics, and the reading of minor authors, he fancied—nay, he believed the world fancied him a wit; and he endeavoured to ſupport both the opinions. He had, notwithſtanding, hop-

ped

ped up and down the Bedford for ſome years, without being noticed for any thing but the ſize of his peri-wig, and the width of his mouth: but a lucky accident, as he and his friends thought it, brought him into ſome repute. Dr. H— and he had a little altercation; which was, however, always conducted like men of letters, without coming to blows or ſword-drawing; and, upon an egregious pun that *Errato* made in the Doctor's hearing, he applied to him Dennis's axiom, that "he who would pun, "would pick a pocket;" which excited Errato to call for the *Inſpector* to go backwards with him. This nettled the Doctor; and he took his revenge, by publiſhing, in the ſame paper, a letter that came to his hands, written by *Errato* to Mr. L— the ſinger, all in puns,

puns, to beg an order. This immortalized Errato; and he was, from this moment, univerſally ſtiled the *punning apothecary*.

Mr. *Town* was ſecond of the group. This perſon, who had become poſſeſſed of a genteel fortune, from a ſtrong impulſe of being acquainted with actors, and a deſire of being thought judicious in theatrical performances, with a very ſlender knowledge of his own or any other language, had uſurped to himſelf the power and authority of deciding the merits of all theatrical productions, and all new actors. He had the addreſs to enforce his prerogative ſo far, that, when any new piece was repreſented, he was ſurrounded in the pit by a ſet of young templars, and danglers about the other inns of court, who call themſelves

ſtudents,

ſtudents, together with merchants clerks, and journeymen mercers, who formed a cabal upon theſe occaſions, to pronounce peremptorily upon the merit of the production; but in doing this they did not pretend to have any opinion, but only to eccho that of Mr. Town, who gave the word, and judgment was accordingly pronounced. This judgment was always ratified immediately after the performance at an aſſembly held at the Bedford, which was thenceforward, without appeal, irrevocable.

*Philocleus* was an Iriſh ſtudent, brought up to the law: he was genteel in perſon, and had that eaſy inſignificant manner, which the unſkilful take for addreſs. He had an early attachment with the theatrical world; and, by an intereſted connection with

the

the tall actor, he was always partially influenced in his favour, and for whatever regarded him: but this was never so visible as in his espousing the cause of Miss Nossiter, on her first appearance in the character of Juliet. A critique was wrote upon her performance, which the public voice gave to Mr. M—y, and this was sufficient for *Philocleus* to call him to an account,—so great a champion was he for the *Nossiterian* cause.—Several conferences were held at the Bedford, in which some table-orations were made by *Philocleus*, to prove that he would never forgive the author of that libel: nor was his oratory destitute of merit or invention; he introduced a new figure—a powerful *Prosopopœia*—that had entirely escaped Demosthenis, Cicero, and all the moderns, which

I know

I know no other name for than the *Glaſſiopoeia*. This was of great ſervice in enforcing his argument and concluding the debate, at leaſt, for the evening; for a gentleman having been very attentive to his rhetoric, though on the other ſide the queſtion, was convinced of the ſtrength of his reaſoning by a glaſs of capilaire, which waſhed his face and cleared his underſtanding. This ſtroke was the very eſſence of gymnaſtic oratory, and was claſſed with the *brandiſh*, which was alſo then firſt introduced with great ſucceſs, and without any other ill-effect than that of ſlightly wounding one Auditor. It is ſurpriſing that Mr. Sheridan and his late contemporary orators ſhould not have taken the leaſt notice of theſe two new *figures*, ſo happily

pily invented and applied by *Philocleus.*

When the debate had come to this pitch between the contending parties, it was conceived nothing but death could end the diſpute, and that the literary world muſt have loſt a bard by the conflict. But Providence orders every thing for the beſt; for no ſooner had Ranger prepared his weapons (which biographers ſay was the firſt time of his publickly appearing with a ſword) but Philocleus was convinced of his error, and ſatisfied that Ranger could never have penned the performance. This lucky and unexpected reconciliation the Republic of Letters has much reaſon to be thankful for, as, in caſe of any accident happening to Philocleus, they would have been deprived

ed of that maſterly performance of his, which Mr. B—y, with much labour and aſſiduity, brought upon Covent-Garden ſtage. This tragedy will remain a laſting ornament of Britiſh or Iriſh genius, as Philocleus's friends take particular care to have it bound with the beſt editions of Shakeſpear.

It was at this period that Mr. M—y firſt wrote in the *Craftſman*, which, from the moſt eſteemed political paper, in the hands of Bolingbroke, Pultney, and the reſt of the anti-league, was now dwindled to a mere common place country journal, with ſcarce an advertiſement tacked to it, to give it the form of a news-paper. In this condition it fell into that gentleman's hands, who once more revived its fame, not as a political or party paper, but

as

as an inſtructive and amuſing publication. To him we were firſt indebted for what was called *true intelligence*, which contained a criticiſm upon theatrical affairs, and ſatirical obſervations upon the moſt reigning topics of converſation. His *news for a hundred years hence*, was a very fine ſtroke upon the Jew bill: this, and ſome other pieces of the like kind, made him firſt be taken notice of as a public writer; and, upon ſome difference between him and the publiſher of the Craftſman, he ſet up a paper upon his own bottom, which he called the *Gray's-Inn Journal* (a title he had added to that of the Craftſman) and which he continued with the ſame ſpirit till he came upon the ſtage, firſt in the character of Othello. The world has ſince been ſufficiently acquainted with this gentleman

gentleman to need no farther comment upon him, or his writings.

*Specio* was a doubtful character: a mixture of the fop and ſloven, of the wit and gameſter; he for ſome time puzzled the world to decide upon his vocation, and had he not too early diſcovered himſelf to be the ſucceſſor of Mr. M—y in the Craftſman, he might have paſſed unnoticed as a genius, or a darling of the muſes. The *juice of criticiſm* firſt recommended him to the publiſher; and had he continued the true intelligence with any thing of the ſame ſpirit as was in that receipt, the paper would not have languiſhed a twelvemonth in his hands. He has ſince written ſome fugitive pieces, the titles of which are ſcarce remembered by any but him and his publiſhers, and he is now concerned in one of the new Magazines.

Magazines. *Specio*, with theſe trifling abilities, was now in the meridian of his wit and gallantry; he was, at leaſt, a fourth rate punſter, though he would ſcarce give up the palm to the great Errato, whom he envied and abuſed. A bumper extraordinary made him the greateſt whoremaſter of the age, with the powers of a Valetudinarian; and his ſucceſs in intrigue would have made one fancy him an Adonis, did not his face bear a great reſemblance of that animal's which ſo much reſembles man.

*Mopſy*, the *beau* of the age, muſt certainly find a place in this liſt of genii. With parts to have done credit to a much more uſeful life, he was the dupe of abandoned women, and the ridicule of more abandoned men. His greateſt ambition was to be well dreſſed, and

and his greateſt luſt to ſay *a good thing* at the Bedford, which he himſelf approved by ſmacking his box, and taking a pinch of ſnuff. His whole life might be epitomized in one day. He roſe about noon, breakfaſted, dreſt; whilſt his man was curling his hair, he read; not that he gave any attention to his author; but that, in caſe any one ſhould drop in, it might corroborate what he thought *a bon mot*, and which he often repeated, "Whilſt the outſide "of my head is ornamenting, I do not "neglect the inſide." When dreſſed, if fine weather, the park was the conſtant place of his reſort: when he had ſhewn himſelf here for an hour or two, he dined at a tavern or chop-houſe, looked over his liſt of women, pitched upon one he had not lain with, and ordered the tavern-waiter to get her ready by ſuch

ſuch an hour. After having ſauntered at the play or coffee-houſe, till the hour of appointment, he ſupped with his girl, and paſſed the evening with her at a bagnio, or his chambers. Thus he lived, thus he died, without a friend, with ſcarce an enemy but himſelf; profeſſing in his laſt moments, that, did he know one perſon who really eſteemed him, he would bequeathe him his whole fortune, which was very conſiderable; but, as he did not, he left it to a diſtant relation, whom he had never ſeen.

*Harmonicus* was born a muſician, though his father was an upholſterer: his merit and abilities were paſſed all doubt, and could be exceeded by nothing but Handel and his own vanity, which did not only induce him to believe, that he was a great muſician, but

but that he was a great wit, a great poet, a great ſcholar; things which one ſhould imagine, from the common run of the muſical world, were incompatible with harmony: however, he had a ſmattering ſufficient to initiate him amongſt the board of wits, and he took his place accordingly. *Harmonicus* was a man of great intrigue, though he admired his wife even to a fault; he has been known to be the only facinated auditor, whilſt ſhe was ſinging in a public place, and he the only man in a ſuit of velvet in the dog-days. But let it be remembered, that *Harmonicus*, though amorous, was of a cold conſtitution: he had every feature of a rake, without the ability of being vicious; his imagination truly feculent, was curbed by the morbid habit of his body.

Thus have I already convened the Inſpector, Errato, the Town, Philocleus, Ranger, Specio, Mopſy, and Harmonicus, the eight principal members of the bawdy-box; and I ſhall now give a dialogue, pretty nearly as it paſſed between theſe eight wits, on the utility of whoredom, and the propriety of fornication.

*Inſ.* Marriage is not only a holy inſtitution, and what every man who profeſſes himſelf a Chriſtian ſhould advance; but it is alſo a very wiſe regulation, and politically juſt; otherwiſe how could we determine the right of inheritance, and the legality of ſucceſſion?

*Mopſ.* The Turks have as many wives as they can ſupport, and a man's riches at Conſtantinople, are always known by the number of his concubines:

bines: a cobler at the Porte, is happier than a duke here; and yet there is never any diſpute concerning ſucceſſion, or inheritance, among the ſubjects.

*Rang.* The reaſon is obvious: Our laws and the Mahometans are very different; the eldeſt ſon does not there ſucceed to the title and eſtate by inheritance, nor is the legality of birth of any conſequence.

*Er.* Ay,—ay,—the *eſtate in tail* there, is all they inherit.

*Spec.* A broad-backed Janiſſary might make his fortune at Peterſburgh, if he were properly introduced into the cloſet.

*Har.* By fornication I do not underſtand the act of generation, which can never be a crime, as it is certainly natural, and productive of good to ſociety,

in ſupplying it with members; but it is the abuſe and proſtitution of this act that renders it criminal; and it is blending morality with cuſtom, to talk of the policy or legality of the deed.

*Phil.* Continence was looked upon as a virtue in all ages; the greateſt heroes have piqued themſelves upon it; and every thinking man muſt agree with the Doctor, that where celibacy is not to be arrived at, the moſt eligible ſtate is that of marriage.

*Town.* Many conſiderations enter into the argument; a man's ſituation in life; the advantages and diſadvantages he may derive from marriage; his connections and expectancies; his own diſpoſition and power of conſtancy; meeting with an object ſuited to his mind.

*Er.* The object muſt certainly be the woman,

woman, or the money: if it is the woman, you muſt as certainly meet with her, or elſe you could not marry her:—if it is the money, a prudent man will make ſure of it before he ties the indiſſoluble knot. With regard to connection, we may ſuppoſe that *middling*; and, as to expectancy, if he marries for love, that will *center* in the firſt night's conſummation.

*Spec.* Marriage is certainly to be preferred, where fortune and affections ſuit; but as there are ſo few ten thouſanders, and ſo many Xantippes, without my being the leaſt of a Socrates, I believe I ſhall go on in a regular courſe of fornication, to avoid the felicities of matrimony; which are too highly coloured for me ever to think of copying.

*Inſ.* You talk like young men un-

 experienced.

experienced. I have been married, though now ſingle; and I place amongſt the happieſt of my days, thoſe which I paſſed with my wife; and I have the higheſt expectation from ſuch another union.

*Rang.* I believe, Doctor, you will not, with all your ſanctity, pretend to alledge your conſtancy; and, if one may judge by the rapturous ſtile of the letters you have publiſhed, Mrs. Diamond gave you higher notions of bliſs and extaſy than Mrs. H—— did.

*Er.* Such valuable jewels are only worn for ornament. Mrs. H— was a piece of domeſtic furniture for uſe.

*Inf.* You preſs very hard upon me, Gentlemen; but pleaſe to remember, that Mrs. H— was dead, before ever my connection with Mrs. D—d began.

*Er.*

*Er.* But pray, Doctor, was Mrs. H— defunct, when she discovered you in close embrace with Mrs. A—, whose story you introduced in your assumed character of Mr. Lovell, whose adventures you have given the public.

*Inf.* It is all a fable, invented to hurt her with the world; and particularly Mr. C—y, who is upon the point of marrying her.

*Er.* If it be a fable, it is you yourself that have applied the moral, and therefore ingross all the scandal.

*Har.* Pray, Gentlemen, let's avoid touching upon private characters in this disquisition. The Doctor is but a man, and fallibility is his lot. We are not talking of what we do, but what is the most eligible to be done.

*Town.* From the present nature and disposition of things, it would be as

fruitleſs to think of preventing fornication, as it would to ſuppreſs eating; be it a vice, it is a neceſſary one, which the moſt poliſhed ſtates have winked at, and which has its uſe not only in baniſhing greater and unnatural crimes, but alſo in promoting the ſafety of virgins, and preventing fatal attacks upon the marriage-bed. Were there no proſtitutes, the profligacy of mankind would ſoon find means to create them; and many a virtuous daughter and chaſte wife would fall a victim to the Sabine-like brutality of luſt.

*Rang.* All that can be thought of as a remedy, is the proper regulation of this vice, which ſhould not be ſo openly and publickly practiſed: our ſtreets ſhould be cleared of proſtitutes, who are guilty of the greateſt obſcenities in the open day, and at night

night lay wait for their prey of unwary youth, or the more mature, overcome with the fumes of wine. If they are a neceſſary evil, they ſhould be conſidered as ſuch, and kept within proper bounds; particular ſtreets ſhould be allotted for their reſidence, and any found out of their diſtrict ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed.

*Spec.* If we go ſo far in their regulation, it would be better to go a ſtep farther; eſtabliſh public ſtews at once, which might anſwer every end of whoredom, and, in a great meaſure, prevent many of the inconveniences that reſult from it. Proſtitutes, regiſtered, and claſſed, as they are at Venice, would prevent many frauds and robberies committed in our brothels; and, if they underwent an examination every day, with regard to their health,

and were ſeverely chaſtiſed upon deception, the venereal diſorder would be greatly reſtrained in its progreſs, and nobody would have reaſon to complain, without it were the doctors and ſurgeons. I have thrown together the hints of a treatiſe, which I intend ſoon to give the public upon this head.

*Mopſ.* This will be a very uſeful work to the public. Pray, remember to ſettle the price of the ladies according to their different claſſes, as well as the rates of bagnio-bills, both which are inſupportable. I have one in my pocket, that I paid this morning, which I think ought to be taxed. *(Reads.)*

| N°. IV. | *l.* | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| To Bread and beer — | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Soals and dreſſing — | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Scotch collops — | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| Tarts — — | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Wine — — | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Fire — — — | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Wax-lights — | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Ribbon for night-caps | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Houſe — — | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Breakfaſt — — | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| Chair-hire — | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| Paid at the bar *(to a Lady returned* — | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| | 5 | 14 | 6 |

*Inſp.* Five pounds fourteen ſhillings and ſix-pence, for a night's lodging, beſides the preſent to Madam!—A very moderate bill, indeed!

*Har.* Pray, Sir, how many ladies had you?

*Mopſ.* Only one for the evening, who was in the houſe when I went; the other I ſent away after ſupper.

*Spec.* And yet here is chair-hire for half a dozen, a mile from Covent-Garden. This is abſolutely an impoſition, and cognizable by any magiſtrate, even though he lived in Bow-ſtreet.

*Er.* No, no; it is not worth while troubling his Worſhip with ſuch trifling matters.—Have your bill taxed by the trade, I am ſure they will do you juſtice; but take care that neither Mrs. D—g—s, Mrs. G—-d, nor Mrs. B—t, are impanelled, for they would have charged you double; and, you will find, they will diſcover ſome neceſſary articles have been omitted; ſuch

ſuch as, *birch to light your fire with*;

" To rouze the Venus lurking in your veins,"
(As *Armſtrong* has it)

*a dozen or two of jellies, white gloves, and cold creams, to prevent heats in the morning*, with along ſtring of *etcæteras*, which we may ſuppoſe are here all flung in amongſt dreſſing of the *ſoals*.—

(Juſt as *Mopſy* was going to reply to this Pharmatic wit, his prime miniſter, Jack H-rr-s, appeared at the bar, to give him intelligence of a lady that he had, with great art and perſuaſion, prevailed upon to wait at the next door, till he ſtept in to ſee for the beau.—This ſummons ſaved him ſome bluſhing, a good deal of humming and hawing, and at leaſt an ounce of ſnuff, to prove, as he declared afterwards, he intended, that he did not know what *Errato* meant.)

—What! Mopſy's gone, without having

having ſix-pence of his bill ſtruck off for exorbitancy?

This learned converſation might, in all probability, have continued much longer, if it had not been interrupted by the intruſion of *Pertinacio*. This gigantic figure had borrowed ſome low wit, from frequenting the clubs of choice ſpirits, and had lately come to an affluence upon the demiſe of his father, who had laboured in the humble vocation of a carpenter, and he piqued himſelf upon being "a chip "of the old block." He, nevertheleſs, put on the gentleman in every thing but his behaviour, which was always ſarcaſtically impertinent towards the evening, when his head was filled more with the fumes of wine than ideas. In theſe moods he had lately made his appearance at the Bedford,

had

had ſaid rude things to many, and *impromtus* to all; and was pronounced d—mned ſmart and clever. He told the Doctor to-night, that his wig ſat better than he had ſeen ſince he had it dreſſed at Ranelagh; and enquired whether his barber Mr. B— was in town? He aſked Errato, whether he killed more with his phyſic than he made ſick with his puns? — He was going on at this humorous rate with the whole room, when he unluckily met with a perſon, who diſtinguiſhed between wit and impertinence, and very juſtly thought that no man had a right to abuſe a whole aſſembly for his amuſement; and, taking Pertinacio by the collar, he told him very plainly, and without equivocation, "That, if he "did not deſiſt from his ill-timed and "infolent raillery, he ſhould give him that

that chaſtiſement he deſerved." In ſaying this he gave him a very hearty ſhake. Pertinacio took the hint, ſtifled his wit, and made a precipitate retreat, without examining the ſitting of either his own or the Inſpector's wig.

This giant being thus eaſily demoliſhed, the coffee-room remained quiet for ſome evenings; wit, pleaſantry, and punning, reſumed their ancient ſeat, and M—ſſ—p, for a time, was the principal theme. His friends cried up his voice and perſon, his expreſſion and accuracy; his opponents diſcovered he was aukward, affected, and left-handed; had a moroſe caſt with his brow, which could never be ſoftened to ſuit a pleaſing character. The *Town* was, however, entirely on his ſide, though *Philocleus* would not admit him into any kind of competition with B—y.

F—te

F—te had given tea, gained a fortune and ſpent it, had turned matrimonial procurer with a ſuppoſed conjurer, and acquired another, which was diſſipated as quick as the firſt: his genius was, as uſual, his laſt reſource; he had planned the fable of a new comedy, to accompliſh which he made a tour to Paris, to catch the manners of thoſe flighty metropolitans; and, upon his return, finiſhed his piece, called the *Engliſhman in Paris*, which is the beſt written, and has the moſt merit of any of his performances. This piece was, as uſual, critically diſcuſſed here: the friends of the author praiſed the language, admired the novelty of the thought, and the national moral it conveyed: his antagoniſts ſaid the incidents were frivolous, the characters *outre's*, the language bombaſt in ſome

parts,

parts, and low in others; the plot ill-concerted, and the *dénoüement* forced; and, above all, that he had no precedent for calling a performance that conſiſted but of two acts, a comedy. Theſe ſentiments did not, however, prejudice the public enough to condemn the work, which met with the approbation it deſerved, and once more recruited the finances of this uncommon genius.

About this time ſeveral new characters appeared upon the theatre of the Bedford. A flying ſcuffle between a crazy knight, and an officer of the guards, had made every one take particular care not to have his ſword involuntarily drawn from him. This affair was thus circumſtanced: the knight was ſtanding by the fire-place, when the captain approached, who, by turning

ing round, accidentally threw down a coffee-pot from the ſtand, which, in ſome meaſure, wetted his legs. This he conſtrued into a direct affront; and, without aſking an explanation, flew to a Gentleman's ſword, who was ſtanding by an adjacent box, drew it, without aſking his leave, and wounded the Captain, before he was appriſed of his intent, ſufficiently to draw and defend himſelf. The conſequence of this, after the evening, when ſurgeons attended, and pronounced the wounded Gentleman out of danger, was, that the knight was tried by a court-martial, and declared unfit to ſerve his Majeſty hereafter in a military capacity, though he had, till then, bore his commiſſion in the army.

Several ſkirmiſhes of leſs importance occurred about this period; but

as

as they moſtly ended in a twitch by the noſe, or a gentle kicking, we ſhall paſs them over in as much ſilence as they were taken, in order to introduce the following new characters.

*Spintilo* was bred a haberdaſher: he had tagged laces, and ſold mittens, with the greateſt ſucceſs, for ſome years, in Cheapſide. Unluckily he had a fortune left him, which was his ruin: he commenced Gentleman, found out the beſt waſhes for making hands white, and removing freckles; took lodgings in Covent-Garden; and, for the firſt time, put on a ſword and embroidery. Spintilo was not by nature deſtined for a rake; yet he profeſſed debauchery: he was under the middle ſize, remarkably ſlender, but more remarkably foppiſh. Every woman he ſaw was a conqueſt; every equipage

the

the model of his own. With ſuch talents and remarkable parts, it is not ſurpriſing that Spintilo ſhould run out his fortune, conſiſting of no leſs than five hundred pounds, in two years;—it is not ſurpriſing that he ſhould not have married a lady with twenty thouſand pounds;—it is not ſurpriſing that he ſhould take refuge in the verge of the court, and ſtill be a fop:—but it is ſurpriſing he ſhould get inliſted for a ſoldier (conſidering his height); and (conſidering his courage) that he ſhould ever have the heart to go to Germany.

We ſhall illuſtrate this character with the ſtory of one of his intrigues, which he uſed to relate himſelf. Sauntering one day, about noon, in Hyde-park, he overtook a lady, accompanied by a black boy in livery: her lap-dog

run

ran away, and the ſervant could not catch it; but he fortunately caught it, and brought it to the lady, who teſtified her ſatisfaction ſo much, that, in a diſcourſe which enſued, ſhe aſked him home to dinner. He found her houſe as elegant as her perſon, and her repaſt worthy of both; ſhe informed him ſhe was married to a governor of one of our Weſt-India iſlands who was abroad, but whom ſhe expected home ſoon; that ſhe was adored by her huſband, who was as rich as Crœſus. In ſaying this ſhe dropped ſome hints that ſhe had no ſmall regard for our cavalier, whom ſhe artfully complimented upon his elegant addreſs, the gentility of his perſon, and the choice of his cloaths. Spintilo was in raptures; he could not eat for joy; he ſaw nothing but gilt chariots and birth-day ſuits before him; he knew

knew not how to recommend himſelf the moſt; he pulled out his beſt ſcented handkerchief, aſked her if ſhe approved the odour, and begged he might procure her ſome; he propoſed a party to Ranelagh; a jaunt to Richmond; a journey to Scarborough. He beſpoke two new coats that very day; and laid out all the money he could borrow, in a ſnuff-box, which he preſented the lady with the next time he ſaw her; he run in debt forty pounds with a jeweller for trinkets, which he, with great perſuaſion, prevailed upon her to accept.

He now thought himſelf at the eve of all his happineſs, and expected every day to receive ſome preſent of great value, with notes for two or three hundred pounds incloſed. He could not deviſe the reaſon of the delay, as he had

had thrown out ſome hints that his ſteward had been greatly diſappointed by his tenants failure of paying their rents, on account of bad crops: however, he concluded he had been backward in point of gallantry, as he had ſcarce done more yet, than kiſs the lady's lips. Spintilo reſolved upon a bold attempt; and, though he was conſcious of his manly inabilities, which had hitherto deterred him from attacking the lady's virtue, fired with wine, he preſſed her to a cloſe embrace: ſhe, at firſt, appeared greatly ſurpriſed; but, by degrees, ſoftening to his deſires, ſhe promiſed to make him happy the enſuing night.

Never did a night of bliſs ſo terrify a lover. He roſe early in the morning, came to the lady's, to know if ſhe was ſtill in the ſame mind. Sorry to

to find ſhe did not yet relent, he examined himſelf over and over, but could not be convinced he ſhould be able to give her the ſatisfaction ſhe expected. The appointed hour too early came; and he wrote a card, to make an apology for not waiting upon her, being taken ſuddenly ill; but then feeling his purſe, and thinking all his expectations would be deſtroyed by this apology, he took three cordials extraordinary to ſtrengthen his courage, and repaired to the place of rendezvous.

When he entered the room, he found the Lady reclining on a ſopha, reading Dryden's tranſlation of *Ovid's art of love:* ſhe aſked his opinion of ſome lines, and deſired him to read them to her, which the more perplexed him, as he had ſomewhat neglected his ſtudies, and had not the happieſt

knack at pronunciation; however, he got over the lines, and thought it was time to make an attack, in form, upon the Lady. "Madam," ſaid he, "why ſhould we loſe time in peruſing "the theory of love, when we may "ſo eaſily obtain the practice?" In ſaying this, he threw her on her back upon the Sopha, and made way with his hand to the ſeat of pleaſure, which might an anchorite have warmed. But Spintilo experienced not the power of her charms; for when he had thus far obtained, he found himſelf the only obſtacle to enjoyment. He was now humming and hawing for an excuſe, whilſt his enamorata lay thus expoſed, when the door opened, a middle-aged man entered: the Lady ſwooned, and Spintilo, unuſed to ſuch frights, actually —— his ——. The perſon who came

came in, recoiled ſome few ſteps with amazement; but ſoon recovering, drew his ſword, and would have made an end of our hero, had not the ſervants interfered, and prevented this fatal cataſtrophe. Spintilo had, before this time, learnt this was the Lady's huſband, to whom he fell upon his knees, proteſting his innocence, in ſaying, he vowed, before G-d; "that it was not in "his power to injure him if he would." The Gentleman had the curioſity to examine; and finding ſo ſmall a pretence to virility, gave credit to his aſſertion, and diſcharged him with running the gauntlet thro' the hall, where every one of the ſervants (the cook-maid and ſcullion not excepted) had a kick at his breech.

*Dorimont* was florid and comely, toaſted by the women, and envied by

the men. Dorimont dreſſed well, and piqued himſelf upon keeping good company; he was heir to five thouſand a year, which he had already anticipated by loans, at *cent. per cent.* The ladies reaped the benefit of his credit, and did him the honour to drink his health in his own wine. He appeared one night at the Bedford, and a certain genius undertook to perſuade him he looked very ill: — no man was ever more terrified with the thoughts of ſickneſs than Dorimont; he turned pale upon the information, and looking in the glaſs, perceived the very viſible alteration. He was eaſily prevailed upon to retire into the adjacent room, where a perſon with a phyſical periwig ſoon came, and recommending phlebotomy as the moſt effectual method of recovery, his coat was taken off, his ſhirt-ſleeve turned

ed up, and all the apparatus prepared; dreading the ſight of the operation, he turned his head aſide, when, lo! a tooth-pick was the lancet, and a glaſs of warm red tea poured over his arm, the iſſuant blood. Dorimont, with the aſſiſtance of a glaſs of water, eſcaped fainting, which was more than he had ever done upon a like occaſion before. His arm was bound up; the uſual chirurgical fee paid, and he began to fancy that the loſs of a little blood had done him good. After this it would be needleſs to ſay Dorimont was no genius; he, nevertheleſs, aſſiſted at the board of wits, and, though he had a natural impediment in his ſpeech, has been heard to pronounce *damnation*, with as much emphaſis as any man living, upon a new play or a new actor.

Dorimont was not thought to be naturally very courageous, but he was much inclined to have the world believe him ſo: fame, ill-natured fame, whiſpered that he had received ſome twitches by the noſe, and had once fairly and philoſophically underwent that ignominious chaſtiſement of kicking, ſo fatal, as *Hudibras* has it, to the ſeat of honour. Theſe reports had come round to him, which ſet him upon employing a certain wit, who acted in the humble character of a *toad-eater* and *ſycophant*, to deviſe a means of wiping off this ſtur which was thrown upon him. Punctilius, after ſome cogitation, told him, the only ſure method would be, to have an affair with ſome perſon, whom he ſhould force to a ſubmiſſion. Dorimont ſhook his head at this advice, and

and plainly made the ſubmiſſion himſelf.—"Sir, continued Punctilius, I "don't mean you ſhould run any riſk. "I'll fix upon a man whom you may "be ſure of conquering:—only have "reſolution enough to bear up to "the laſt; and, in caſe of extremity, "draw your ſword, if he ſhould have "courage enough to do the ſame, "which I very much doubt; I'll take "care to have chairmen ready to beat "down your ſwords with their poles, "and no harm ſhall come of it."

Dorimont ſwore he would do it, if Punctilius could hit upon a proper object: Q—n had lately given the ſalutary advice of *ſoaping his noſe to Poltronius*, upon having it once twitched in the public aſſembly at Bath, and he was judged the very man they wanted. Dorimont took an opportunity of throw-

ing a diſh of ſcalding coffee over his legs, without making him any apology. Poltronius aſked him what he meant by it? and inſiſted upon ſatisfaction. They went out under the piazza, ſwords were drawn and brandiſhed at a cautionary diſtance.—Dorimont was, however, apprehenſive, as the chairmen did not immediately interfere, upon Poltronius's making ſomething of a half-lounge, and called out, "Where are the chairmen?—"Who "calls chair," was the immediate reply.—"An't you hired?" continued Dorimont.—"No, your Honour,' rejoined honeſt Teague.--"Damn Punc-"tilius (bawled Dorimont) I thought "he had hired you." "Sir," cried Punctilius, "through the arches, you "have got into the wrong piazza." By this time Dorimont's real chairmen had

had taken the alarm, and this affair ended *greatly* to both the combatants *honour*, without the leaſt effuſion of blood.

About this very period another rencounter had like to have happened, and proved as fatal in its effects as the preceding. *Didlius*, a conſummate fop, whoſe beauty had never been noticed by any but himſelf, and which, indeed, he was at ſome pains in diſcovering, if we may infer from his frequent application to the looking-glaſs; had more than once broke a Gentleman's ſhins with his ſword, in this inſpection, at the fire-place; and, being ſo very intent upon his dear face, though at other times a mighty polite man, he always omitted apologizing for the offence; which ſo irritated the Gentleman, who was rather of a captious

turn, that, without ſaying a word, he roſe up, went to the bar, and taking the meſſage-book, which may be ſtiled the Bedford Coffee-houſe Journal, he wrote the following laconic and polite billet.

"This is to acquaint Mr. Didlius, "that he is a puppy and a raſcal."

*(Signed)* —— ——

After which he left the book open, and ſeated himſelf at the window next the bar, expecting Didlius to peruſe his note; but he had buſineſs of more importance to attend, he had a girl in keeping, who perſuaded him ſhe was fond of him, to meet in the upper-boxes, ſo that he only ſtept in to adjuſt his ſolitaire, and was gone in a trice. Though this curious card eſcaped Didlius's peruſal, it preſently attracted a circle round the bar, who firſt reading the

the inſcription, and then looking at the author, were conjecturing what muſt be the event, and *ſudden death* was pronounced *nem. con.*

It was not till next day that Didlius was appriſed of the inſult, when he took an opportunity, in the abſence of every one but the waiter, to anſwer this epiſtle in as laconic a manner as it was written, though the ſtile was very different.—*He eraſed it with a copious penful of ink.*

Having mentioned the Bedford Coffee-Houſe Journal, it may not be improper to convey a better idea of it than the tranſcript of this note can; wherefore I ſhall make no apology for the following extracts.

Nov. 29.

" Captain Counterſcarp to wait upon " the Reverend Mr. Text, is gone to " the play, and ſhall ſpend the even- " ing at Douglas's, where he ſhould " be glad of his company."

" Mr. Text is very ſorry he can't " wait upon Captain Counterſcarp; but " having a prior engagement at Gould's, " muſt take another opportunity of " having the pleaſure of the Captain's " company."

Dec. 4.

" Lord Terrible's compliments to " Jack Firebrace, intends to be very " jolly to night, and get damned drunk " at Weatherby's, with Bet. Saunders " and Nancy Daviſon.—Hopes to have " his company."

" Jack

" Jack Firebrace is engaged till
" twelve; but will certainly ſpend the
" evening according to Lord Terrible's
" deſire, and bring with him Tom
" Tearall, and Ned. Crackpole, who
" have heads like rocks, and been hell-
" fired drunk theſe ten days."

Dec. 6.

" Dr. Gonnorrhœa's compliments to
" Sir Timothy Whiffle, is very ſorry he
" was not in the way when he called
" upon him.—He may take the pills
" and uſe the injection as before, if he
" finds no alteration. Will be at home
" to-morrow till twelve."

Dec. 8.

" Mr. Type has waited for Mr. Page
" theſe two hours, can ſtay no longer,
" has left the proof at the bar, deſires
" he

" he will read it, and ſend it as ſoon
" as poſſible; there is not much to al-
" ter, as *I* have corrected the *literals*."

January 4.

" Mr. Hyper's compliments to Mr.
" Rant, and ſhould take it as a par-
" ticular favour, if he would leave him
" an order at the bar for two, for
" Othello to-morrow.—*N. B.* We
" are in the intereſt of the young Ac-
" tor, and ſhall poſt ourſelves properly
" in the pit."

Jan. 9.

" Mr. Haſty gone into the Green-
" room.—Returns after the ſecond act.
" Writes letters till nine, will be at the
" club till ten.—Any body calls, de-
" ſired to wait.—If Mr. Search comes,
" muſt abſolutely ſee him to night.—

" Was

" Was to wait upon Mrs. Punctual,
" according to appointment — not at
" home; — is desired to leave a line
" at the bar, about the affair in ques-
" tion.—Half an hour past six."

Jan. 12.

" The Gentleman in green to en-
" quire for his friend, in black: sorry
" he can't meet till after change-time
" to-morrow. *N. B.* Mrs. Manly's
" white puppy was taken very ill this
" afternoon."

Jan. 14.

" If any body asks for Mr. Nosle,
" he lodges at Mr. Puff's, a bellows-
" maker, in Broad St. Giles's."

By this time the reader must be pretty well acquainted with the manner of conducting this Journal, and the

the variety of buſineſs of importance it contains; ſo that we ſhall dwell no longer upon it, but introduce him to the company of *Belairius*, who may, perhaps, amuſe him for a quarter of an hour with an adventure or two of his.

*Belairius* was a compoſition of the beau, the pedant, the man of gallantry; theſe he thought conſtituted the accompliſhed Gentleman, a character ſo much talked of, and ſo ſeldom ſeen. Belairius had travelled, and imported with him the fopperies of France and the fooleries of Italy.—He had made up half a dozen ſuits at Paris, and purchaſed a dozen folios of bad muſic at Venice. He was now returned from his travels, without retaining the leaſt ruſticity of the place of his nativity.—He deſpiſed every thing Engliſh, but

Engliſh

Engliſh women; theſe he was compelled to acknowledge the ſuperiority of, and theſe he had made his ſtudy to deceive; he had employed all his addreſs this way, and kept a liſt of upwards of fifty, whom he piqued himſelf upon having ruined. " I planted " my artillery (ſays Belairius) laſt week " againſt the bow-window that fronts " my apartments; the moſt beautiful " woman in England reſides there:— " ſhe is ſcarce eighteen; — her lips " have ne'er been touched by man.— " Jogled her,—I kiſſed her by proxy " on my hand, and wafted her my " deſires: — ocular love is the moſt " perſuaſive; — and the force of my " viſual paſſion had the deſired effect. " I received a billet from her on Sa- " turday, couched in theſe terms.

" Deareſt of men, no longer let your

' eyes

" eyes be the only proofs of your love;
" let me hear from your dear tongue,
" that you wiſh me thine; let me
" meet you this evening at eight
" in the Bird-Cage-Walk; and then
" tell me, whether I am to be the hap-
" py, or the miſerable, *Leonora.*"

" Such were her words; the true
" language of love, without art, with-
" out guile. I went, as you may be-
" lieve, according to the appointment,
" waited with impatience for the com-
" ing hour; but, alas! before that ap-
" proached, a black cloud broke, pre-
" vented her accompliſhing her inten-
" tion, and wetted me to the ſkin.

" The next morning I roſe early,
" ſtudied every attitude of love over
" and over. I attacked, gained ground,
" retired, rallied, all in the glaſs, and

" ſucceeded

" ſucceeded to the utmoſt of my wiſhes.
" I planted my battery at the window
" as uſual; but cruel fortune ſo ordered
" it, that I did not ſee her the whole
" day; towards the evening, I had,
" however, the conſolation of receiv-
" ing a billet from her dear hands, tell-
" ing me, *She was under the utmoſt*
" *anxiety for the diſappointment, which*
" *nothing but the weather could have*
" *occaſioned; but that ſhe ſhould be the*
" *next day at tea, with a relation of*
" *her's in the Minories; and, if I would*
" *paſs that way, ſhe would take an op-*
" *portunity of following me.*

" The hint was ſufficient.—Whilſt
" tedious time turned his lazy glaſs, I
" reckoned days for moments, till the
" happy period came: I took a coach,
" poſted to Tower-hill, and patroled
" the Minories for three hours ſucceſ-
" ſively,

" ſively, without ſpying the dear ob-
" ject of my wiſhes and my journey.
" I came home quite fatigued; imput-
" ing the ſole cauſe of my misfortunes
" to the indolence of my coachman,
" and the lameneſs of his horſes, which
" I dare ſay retarded me beyond the
" time the dear creature could ſtay.

" I ſaw her the next morning at the
" uſual place, beautiful as ever, when
" ſhe, doubtleſs, would have ſignified
" to me her chagrin at the diſappoint-
" ment, if the neighbours, as I ſup-
" poſe, at their windows, had not pre-
" vented her making this public de-
" claration. But what were my joys to
" receive that ſame afternoon, a third
" billet from her, ſignifying ſhe ſhould
" be the next day at Windſor upon
" the terraſs, at three o'clock. I flew
" thither upon the wings of love; and

" waiting

" waiting with the moſt eager expec-
" tation, had a letter put into my hands
" by a poſtilion, ſignifying, *that ſome*
" *intelligence of our regard for each*
" *other had reached her father's ears,*
" *and, before I received thoſe lines, ſhe*
" *ſhould be ſet out for Yorkſhire; but*
" *that neither time nor diſtance could*
" *eraſe, or even diminiſh the impreſſion*
" *I had made on her; and that I, and*
" *I alone, would be the only man that*
" *ſhe ſhould ever eſteem.*"

*Belairius* had reſolved to ſet out the next morning in purſuit of her to Yorkſhire, when a meſſage from the Bedford-head, deſiring his company, occaſioned his precipitate retreat, and *Volponius* enjoyed a thorough laugh at his expence, in producing copies of every one of the letters *Belairius* had mentioned; acquainting us, that the young

young Lady was quite ignorant of the whole intrigue, which he was the ſole projector of, from a thorough knowledge of his vanity. That the Lady, in queſtion, was no farther off than Hampſtead; but that he doubted not the ſincerity of Belairius's reſolution to go down poſt to Yorkſhire, in purſuit of her, which would complete his ſcheme, and give the higheſt pleaſure to two Ladies, who were in the plot with him, and who ſerved him as *amanuenſis*'s to copy his letters in a female hand; which they entered into out of pure revenge, for having been peſtered with his ridiculous paſſion.

Having diſpatched Belairius, it is time to aſſemble the board of criticiſm, and hear a little how dramatic affairs go on.

Miſs

Miſs Macklin now drew the attention of the theatrical world; ſhe had appeared in Mr. Foote's new piece of the Engliſhman in Paris to the higheſt perfection; ſhe had here an opportunity of diſplaying her talents, or rather bringing them into one point of view. She danced, played upon the guittar, and thereby gave it the preſent vogue—ſpoke and ſung French. The world readily acknowledged her great merit, and ſaw in her the ſucceſſor of Mrs. Woffington, with additional qualifications. We have ſince had this verified, and may venture to pronounce without flattery, there is none now equal to her in her walk.

The bawdy-box condemned the Chances for indecency, and were glad to find that Mr. Garrick had reſolved not to play the London Cuckolds any more

more on Lord Mayor's-day. Errato averred that no man ſhould appear upon the ſtage without his breeches, unleſs he made a very handſome and ſtriking apology to the Ladies. Mr. Town was of opinion that the Chaplet would be tranſlated into Italian; becauſe Miſs Norris did juſtice to "What "medicine can ſoften the boſom's "keen ſmart?"—Alas! Mr. Town is no more, and criticiſm is for ſome time at a ſtand.

There are revolutions in all ſtates and kingdoms, however well their governments may be eſtabliſhed: in minor ſocieties, every day makes ſome devaſtation amongſt their members, and a ſeries of years deſtroyed even the *everlaſting club*. No wonder, then, that the republic of the Bedford ſhould undergo

undergo ſome mutation; and this from two cauſes.

Mr. Macklin, retired from the ſtage, had ere this time endeavoured to ſet on foot one of the moſt extenſive plans for a public place ever deviſed: a coffee-room, an academy of Belles Letters, an oratory, an &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. To this end he conſtructed a large building under the Piazza, which compriſed one of the moſt elegant coffee-rooms in London, a large theatre for oratory, beſides ſeveral other apartments, ſuited to the extenſiveneſs of his ſcheme, which was never yet fully diſcloſed. The novelty of the plan attracted the curioſity of numbers; and this curioſity he ſtill farther excited by a very uncommon controverſy, which now ſubſiſted either in imagination or reality, between him

and Mr. Foote, who abuſed one another very openly, 'Squire Sammy having for this purpoſe engaged the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Beſides this perſonal attack, various ſubjects were debated here in the manner of the Robinhood ſociety, which filled the orator's pocket, and proved his rhetoric of ſome value.

This was one cauſe of the interruption given to the reign of wit at the Bedford. The death and emigration of many of the members was another. Mopſy and the Town had by this time paſſed the river Styx, Philocleus St. George's Channel, Errato retired from pharmacy and punning, and Ranger had put a ſtop to the caravan which imported the city-wits from the 'Change of a Sunday evening. But when the great plan of Mr. Macklin proved abortive; when,

when, as he ſaid in a former prologue, upon nearly a ſimilar occaſion,

From ſcheming, fretting, famine, and deſpair,
We ſaw to grace reſtor'd an exil'd play'r;

when the town was ſated with the ſeemingly-concerted quarrel between the two theatrical geniuſes, M——n locked up his doors, all animoſity was laid aſide, and they came and ſhook hands at the Bedford; the group reſumed their appearance; and, with a new maſter, a new ſet of cuſtomers was ſeen.

Beſides thoſe actors, whom we have taken ſome notice of in the courſe of theſe ſheets, within this period the following made their appearance firſt on the ſtage. Mr. Roſs, Mr. Holland, Mr. Smith, Mr. Palmer, Mrs. Graham, now Mrs. Yates, Miſs Poitier,

now Mrs. Vernon, and others of inferior note.

Mr. Roſs's figure, voice, and action, certainly place him at leaſt amongſt the ſecond-rate actors; and if he does not equal Garrick or Barry in Lear and Romeo, he has no competitor in England in the part of the Earl of Eſſex, Lord Townley, Jaffier, and many other parts. It would nevertheleſs be the higheſt pitch of partiality to attribute perfection to Mr. Roſs as an actor; and we may, without being thought ill-natured, remind him, that negligence and inattention, particularly with reſpect to his part, are amongſt his greateſt faults.

Mr. Holland is one of thoſe uncommon geniuſes that, at firſt, ſtart judicious and engaging actors. This ariſes from nothing ſo much as entering into

into the true ſpirit of the poet, who cannot otherwiſe be properly communicated. How can we expreſs what we do not feel? To ſay that Mr. Holland eminently ſucceeds in moſt of the parts Mr. Garrick ſhines in, is doing him common juſtice. This his moſt inveterate critics allow; but they tell you, he is too great an imitator of his maſter: An indifferent original, cry they, has more merit than the fineſt copy.

Mr. Smith has, by his genteel behaviour on all occaſions, ſo compleatly acquired the good opinion of the town, that it were needleſs to enumerate his merits as an actor, or his recommendatory conduct as a man. It muſt, with the ſtricteſt impartiality, be acknowledged, that he fills the part of the *Gentleman* with the greateſt eaſe of

any one upon the ſtage; though his powers are not ſo extenſive as ſome of his competitors, nor his voice ſo melodious.

Mr. Palmer is much improved ſince his firſt coming upon the ſtage: he is a very pleaſing actor, enters into the true ſpirit of comedy, which he conveys to no ſmall advantage, by an agreeable figure, and an expreſſive countenance.

Mrs. Yates treads cloſely on the heels of Miſs Macklin and Mrs. Cibber, in uniting the vivacity of the one, and the ſoothing accent of the other. She is very articulate in her pronunciation, and commits fewer faults in point of language than moſt of the ladies upon the ſtage. In a word, ſhe is a very good actreſs, and a very pretty woman.

Mrs. Vernon is one of the moſt uſe-

ful

ful performers upon the ſtage. She unites the dancer, the ſinger, and the actreſs: the two firſt, conjointly, ſhe is without equal in ; and if ſhe would be leſs faſhionable, and talk more Engliſh than French in common life, ſhe would eaſily get the better of that foreign accent, which is the only impediment to her being a very good comedian.

We have ſince ſeen Mr. Obrien and Mr. Fleetwood make their appearance on Drury-Lane ſtage. It is with a particular ſatisfaction we have occaſion to mention Mr. Obrien, who was the only one that could properly ſupply the place of Mr. Woodward during his abſence, whoſe loſs would otherwiſe have been irreparable. His comic powers are far beyond any thing we have obſerved before in ſo young an actor, in that particular walk

of the fop and ridiculous fine gentleman; and we doubt not, from the great improvement he has already received, that we ſhall ſee him perform with equal ſucceſs in parts of another caſt.

Mr. Fleetwood's genteel figure, and judicious action, give him great advantages; and he may be ſaid to perform Romeo, Caſtalio, and Hamlet, with much propriety and elegance. Since he has appeared upon the Iriſh theatre, he has attempted comedy; but as we have not ſeen him in any character of that nature, we cannot pretend to give our opinion of his merit in this new walk.

It would be injuſtice to paſs over Miſs Pritchard, now Mrs. Palmer, in ſilence. To a happy figure, and a melodious voice, ſhe has added a very graceful

graceful geſticulation; and as the manager is cautious of not giving her any parts, but ſuch as ſhe can properly acquit herſelf of, we muſt own we have always ſeen her with great ſatisfaction.

Whilſt the merits of theſe performers were ſettling by the new board of criticiſm, an uncommon conteſt aroſe between two geniuſes, whoſe literary capacity the world had acknowledged:—perhaps too favourable a reception of their works, excited between them a jealouſy of the moſt inveterate kind, which broke out in their writings. Whether *Francario* had any hand in the Monitor, we will not pretend to determine; but a paſſage in one of theſe papers; mentioning *Ranger* as a *profligate player*, excited him to call Francario to an account, by inſiſting

upon his declaring whether he was the author of that paper? This Francario evaded; which Ranger conſidered as a tacit acknowledgment of the fact, and thereupon reſolved to have ſatisfaction. Heated by paſſion, and blinded by revenge, that ſweetened-bitter of an injured mind, the opponents meeting under the Piazza, Ranger uſed a roughneſs of behaviour quite unſuitable to his antagoniſt's function, which ended for the preſent in nothing more than a flying ſcuffle. Francario, however, threatened the law, which for ſome private reaſons he did not take; but embraced every opportunity in his writings to abuſe Ranger; who finding theſe were the only weapons allowed him, availed himſelf of the ſame ſort of hoſtilities, which he now committed with as little ceremony as the other

had

had done before, and this literary war continued for ſome time, at the price of decency, and to the ſhame of letters.

About this time we find ſome authors corrected for giving their opinions too frankly upon players; but as this appears a very great inſult upon the liberty and freedom of every auditor, and is in ſome meaſure an attack upon the rights of the ſubject, we can give it no countenance in theſe memoirs; and hope that Mr. Churchill, and ſuch doughty critics, will preſerve their charter, if there ſhould be occaſion, even with *oaken logic.*

In the midſt of theſe combuſtions, we ſaw *Gentilius*, the ſelf-imagined greateſt poet of the age, enter, with a brow that denoted rage, deſpair, and revenge.—" Mrs. Hobſter, a glaſs of

" brandy: — Here's confuſion to all
" managers! — *That little inſignificant*
" *wretch, who has neither merit him-*
" *ſelf, nor diſcernment to diſcover it*
" *in others.* — *To keep my tragedy ſix*
" *weeks, and then tell me it was not*
" *ſuited to the ſtage.* — He might as
" well have picked my pocket: had
" I received his anſwer in time, I
" could have brought it on at the new
" houſe; ay, I might certainly have
" brought it on there, if I had intro-
" duced a ſong or two. — I ſhall ſee
" half a dozen of my beſt ſcenes in
" his next vamped piece; or, that he
" has ſtolen my plot, and got ſome
" of his garretteers to eke out five
" acts upon my plan, for a few pieces.
" — O! this world, Miſs Barber, this
" treacherous world! — there's nothing
" but brandy can ſupport. — Fill it up:

" — *Here's*

" —*Here's perdition to the little man*;
" *and that his next play may be damned*
" *the first night*,—I'll appeal to you,
" Mr. Hyper, if I've not been used
" extremely ill.—I waited on the ma-
" nager in the summer with my piece
" at Hampton, where he received me
" with that fawning civility, for which
" he is so remarkable: He told me,
" *that a good tragedy was a thing much*
" *wanted*; *that he was sorry he had*
" *not talents that way himself*; *and*
" *doubted not but my piece would be well*
" *received*; *but that he was then so ex-*
" *tremely pestered with painters, sculp-*
" *tors, and gardeners, in decorating his*
" *villa, that he should not be able to give*
" *it that attention it deserved*; *and*
" *therefore hoped he should have the*
" *pleasure of seeing me in town early in*
" *the winter-season*. Accordingly I
" waited

" waited upon him towards the end
" of September, when he ſaid, *he*
" *would give it a careful peruſal, and*
" *I ſhould have his opinion as ſoon as*
" *poſſible.*—What's the conſequence?
" —Why! he has kept my piece ever
" ſince, and now ſends it me back
" with this fulſome compliment.

SIR,

I Have read your tragedy with great pleaſure and ſatisfaction, and think it has infinite merit; but imagining it requires many alterations before it can be ſuited for the ſtage, and having three new pieces to bring out this ſeaſon, I am compelled to return it you.

I am,

SIR,

Your much obliged,

humble ſervant,

Hyper excuſed himſelf from anſwering, without knowing the merits of the piece.

Gentilius, convinced of his reaſon, drew out the production, ſaying, " Sir, I'll tell you, the ſcene lays partly in Egypt, and partly in North-America. I have not fixed upon any hiſtorical events, as that cramps a man's genius, and ties him down to facts; ſo that all the *dramatis perſonæ* are imaginary characters, except one, which is the *Little Carpenter*, as I found I could not leave him out with any kind of propriety. Now, Sir, with regard to the plot, it is ſimply this —*Diodorus*, King of Egypt, falls in love with *Amorella* (you ſee I have choſen happy names) whoſe father, a neighbouring prince, had promiſed her in marriage to his general *Truncheonarius*. Diodorus

dorus preſſes Amorella, as you may imagine, to wed and make him happy. She, out of dread of her father's reſentment, refuſes; though ſhe is equally enamoured with Diodorus, as he is with her. This produces ſome very pretty *love ſcenes* between them, far beyond any thing in *Romeo* and *Juliet*; but more of that by and by. Amorella, at length, to eſcape the tyrannical injunction laid upon her by her father, to give immediately her hand to Truncheonarius, flies to North America. Diodorus, in deſpair, takes ſhipping and wanders round the world in queſt of her; and by the greateſt accident in life is caſt on ſhore upon the banks of the river Miſſiſippi, where he lands, juſt as the King of the Catabaws is going to ſcalp Amorella, upon her refuſing to be his concubine. He meets

the

the Little Carpenter, who acquaints him with the event, and they reſolve to go and reſcue Amorella; in doing which Cacacowvouzou, King of the Catabaws, and Diodorus, both fall: but Amorella eſcapes with the Little Carpenter. By this time Truncheonarius has in a rage poiſoned himſelf in Egypt—and Amorella dies of the yaws in South Carolina.

"You ſee how happily this cataſtrophe is brought about. Here is nothing forced—the incidents are naturally wrought out of the fable, and the ſentiments ſuited to the characters. Now, as a ſpecimen of the language, I will give you a paſſage, which I put into the mouth of Amorella, upon her eſcape from Cacacowvouzou.

"—— Juſt

" ——— Juſt as the fierce prince,
" Barbarous and unpoliſh'd, forcing me to his bed,
" Upheld the ſcalping knife, ſo fatal to the " eaſtern world,
" My Diodorus came.—Alas! he came but " to die.
" He fell—but with him fell my raviſher— " my ſcalping raviſher—
" Cacacowvouzou no more I dread; — and " you, my Little Carpenter,
" You are my deliverer.———"

" You ſee, Sir, this is not bombaſt; this is natural, eaſy, and familiar—juſt as a woman in ſuch a ſituation would ſpeak."

Unluckily Hyper aſked him, *whether he called this verſe or proſe, or blank verſe?* which ſo piqued Gentilius, that he put his tragedy in his pocket, walked out, and in his hurry forgot to drop his ſixpence at the bar.

*Furioſo*

*Furioſo* has many good qualities; he is friendly, ſincere, courteous, and in every ſenſe the good companion: his family-regard he is particularly remarkable for, and his domeſtic life does him honour. He has nevertheleſs his failings; and amongſt theſe his choleric diſpoſition is not the ſmalleſt. This unhappy temper leads him every day into broils, which a man of a cooler turn would never be engaged in.

Furioſo was at the play in the upper boxes, when chancing to lean upon a Lady, who had ſome pique againſt him, ſhe complained in ſuch a manner as to occaſion Comicus, who was with her, to interfere in her behalf. Furioſo, who had intended no inſult, was nettled at the manner in which Comicus addreſſed him; high words enſued,

enſued, and they ſoon produced blows, which for the preſent ended in a bloody noſe or two. This affair was, however, reſumed at the Bedford, and a challenge with piſtols was given and accepted; but, by the intervention of the ſeconds, this affair was thought to be entirely compromiſed, when it broke out afreſh, and Furioſo inſiſted upon Comicus's fighting him with piſtols. This the latter now declined; and ſtriking Furioſo with his cane, he drew his ſword. Furioſo refuſed fighting him with his ſword, as Comicus had been brought up a fencing maſter, which he thought gave him too great a ſuperiority at that weapon.

Here the affair reſted, ſome condemning, others approving Furioſo's conduct. Whilſt the ill-natured and cen-

cenſorious world were thus trying him by the laws of honour, the doubtful judges were convinced that Furioſo would fight, by an affair he had with Diego, when he was wounded in the breaſt, and his recovery remained for ſome time doubtful.

The merits of this affair were ſcarce diſcuſſed, before we were entertained here with a very uncommon farce, which laſted for ſeveral ſucceſſive nights. Americus, who came over here to ſolicit a commiſſion, after ſerving in the provincial troops in North America, the place of his nativity, having loſt a ſum of money at play ſome time before, in company with Geralio, Kelius, Decius, and Jenalius, which he either imagined he had loſt unfairly, or did not chuſe to pay, thought proper to make his reſolution

public,

public, in an advertiſement to the following effect, which he fixed up in the coffee-room.

" Whereas I loſt a ſum of money ſome time ſince to Mr. Geralio, in company with one Kelius, and one Decius; and having great reaſon to believe I was defrauded of the ſame, I hereby publickly declare, that I have not paid, nor ever will pay the ſame.

AMERICUS."

After having poſted this up in a conſpicuous part of the room, he walked up and down with his ſword under his arm, as if he had come to a firm reſolution of defending what he aſſerted at the price of his life; but he ſoon withdrew, having previouſly procured himſelf two ſtout chairmen to eſcort him, for fear, as he expreſſed

it,

it, of being aſſaulted in going home. He was ſcarce departed before Kelius entered, who caſting his eye upon the paper, tore it down, in declaring the falſity of the aſſertion, that the author was a ſc——l, and that he knew him to be a c—d. Whether this behaviour of Kelius reached Americus's ears, or whether he was only apprehenſive of his reſentment, is not certain; but the next day he ſwore the peace againſt him and Geralio; and when every one was impatient for the American hero to appear, a warrant was ſerved upon Kelius and Geralio, who were obliged to repair to a neighbouring juſtice to give an account of themſelves, and find ſureties for their good behaviour.

This cautionary ſtep being taken, Americus thought himſelf pretty ſecure; and the enſuing evening the triumvirate

triumvirate appeared upon the theatre of action, when a very learned debate arose between Americus and Kelius, concerning "the force and nature of spitting in a man's face."

Americus urged very strongly, "that it could not be said a man had spit in another's face, without the gob absolutely fixed upon some part of it between his forehead and his chin; that if it fell upon his breast, the affront and the spittle might easily be wiped off together; and that, if it light upon the leg or the shoe, it was no affront at all, as such accidents happened every day to men of the greatest courage, without the least notice being taken of them." Kelius set forth, "That the intent, and not the precise circumstances of the act, determined the affront: That a man would be looked upon

upon as having equally underwent a kicking, whether it was immediately upon his breech or his thigh; and, that a man would all his life-time be conſidered to have enjoyed a blanketting, though he might only have received the gentle recreation of being toſt in a carpet."

Americus ſtill oppoſed this reaſoning; and would, in all likelihood, have vanquiſhed Kelius with his logic, had not the latter had recourſe to the *argumentum ad hominum*, whereby he plainly demonſtrated that a man might be equally affronted in a public coffee-room with being ſpit at, as if all the ſpittle had lighted upon his face.

This point having been ſo copiouſly diſcuſſed, and it being Saturday night, the houſe was adjourned till Monday evening, ſeven o'clock; when a com-

mittee was appointed to examine into the merits of the ſeveral evidences upon the face of this affair, and report the ſame.

A letter was read and ſtuck up, ſetting forth that Jenalius (who was hitherto repreſented as the principal teſtimony in this affair) had never given Americus any information concerning a combination being formed againſt him at play, or had ever, directly or indirectly, mentioned Decius upon this occaſion; whereupon Americus wrote another advertiſement, which was alſo ſtuck up, declaring he believed Decius to be a gentleman, and that he aſked his pardon for having ſuſpected him.

Geralio being called in, *moved the houſe* to take down the ſaid advertiſement, as his name was therein mentioned

tioned highly to his diſhonour; which being done accordingly, it was agreed to *nem. con.* that this was a mighty ambiguous affair; and that it did not by any teſtimony appear, that Americus had been defrauded of his money, as he had cleared Decius from all imputation; Jenalius was his particular friend, and Geralio did not play.

Affairs were thus ſituated, when Geralio came to a reſolution of beating Americus wherever he met him, and the opportunity offering that very evening in the coffee-room, Geralio ſtruck and collared him; when Americus drew his ſword, and ſlightly wounded his antagoniſt, who ſoon broke it, and then Americus flew for refuge, and another weapon, into the kitchen; when, if the ſecret hiſtory of the *Catacombs* may be relied on, he

barracadoed the door, armed himſelf with a ſpit, and heated the poker, declaring he would kill the firſt man that broke in upon him. The cook, who was unacquainted with what had happened in the upper regions, judged from his dreſs and behaviour, that he was out of his ſenſes, and that in his phrenzy he was going to deſtroy her. She fell upon her knees, and *begged he would ſpare her life, and though her virtue had never been called in queſtion,* (ſooner than contend with ſuch a furious aſſailant) *ſhe readily conſented to ſubmit to whatever he pleaſed.* — But Americus, inattentive to every thing but heating the poker, and defending himſelf from his antagoniſt, ſtill more terrified her by his ſilence; and nothing but the cry of murder procured her relief from her imaginary danger.

Ho!

Ho! ho! *Dick Brainleſs*, *Harry Allface*, *Billy Noodle*, and *Jacky Vainlove*, in the next box, recounting their amours. Let's attend.

*Har.* Egad, Jack, you're the happieſt man alive. — I ſaw you laſt night put her into a chair.

*Jack.* Hold your tongue, Harry, — women of faſhion ſhould not be talked of in this public manner; — it might coſt me an eye-light hole through the ſmall guts, if Sir Thomas was to overhear us.

*Dick.* What, ſtill conſtant to that old piece!—I've no leſs than ſix women of quality upon my hands now, and am looking out for a new houſe of rendezvous for a ſeventh.

*Billy.* Why, that's doing buſineſs, Dick.——I've but two that I meet by turns at the old china-ſhop in the

Strand; but they're *des Dames comme il faut* — and you may ſay what you will; but one good intrigue well conducted, is worth a dozen fooliſh appointments with milliners 'prentices and mantua-makers journey-women.

*Har.* You're quite in the right of it, they're no credit to a man; and there is as much trouble in dangling after them, and waiting for their leiſure hours, as there is attending the levee of a great man that's promiſed you a place upon the firſt vacancy half a dozen years.—*a propos*, Harry.—How have you reconciled that affair between Mrs. L— and her huſband? — Could you palm ſeven months upon him for nine?

*Har.* Why, that was a maſter-piece: and I pique myſelf more upon that affair, than I do upon having debauched

Miſs

Miſs M—, Miſs G—, and Miſs R—: Sir, the old gentleman rode very reſty a great while, and was actually meditating a divorce, when I bribed a man-midwife, who threw himſelf into his company, and compleatly perſuaded him over a bottle, that a woman might have as perfect a conception in ſeven months as in nine. — He went home, made it up with his wife, and has never ſaid a word to her about it ſince.

*Dick.* That indeed was a ſtroke upon the Don; — but, I think, mine ſurpaſſed it with Mrs. J——, who, in the abſence of her huſband, became pregnant, brought forth, recovered, and all before he returned from America, without her neareſt relations ſuſpecting it.

*Billy.* Egad it's dangerous work though having to do with married women;—they may talk of cut loaves and ſlices not being miſſed, as much as they will; but I never liked adultery, ſince I paid ſo dear for my affair with Mrs. ——, who was the moſt cautious woman in the world, and went ſo far as even to ſhift herſelf after we have been together, to prevent a detection.

*Harry.* Ay, —— but that was owing to the b—h her maid, whoſe ſuſpicion aroſe from that very circumſtance.

*Jack.* I think the houſes in England are the worſt contrived of any in the world for intrigue.—The fore rooms are compleatly expoſed to your oppoſite neighbours; ſo that you can't even take a modeſt kiſs by the fire-

fire-ſide without being ſeen; blinds in the one pair of ſtairs corroborate a ſuſpicion; and as to the bed-chambers, they are ſo dexterouſly conſtructed, that a bed cannot be any where placed, without fronting a door, the key-hole of which commands a full proſpect. More diſcoveries have been owing to this than to any thing elſe; and I wonder the builders in the polite end of the town do not give ſome attention to it; — but they're plodding men, and never conſider their wives and daughters are to be lain with, whilſt they're getting a fortune out of bricks and mortar.

*Dick.* The firſt man that introduced knockers, was as certainly a cuckold, as he who brought in the flaſh pockets was a pick-pocket; and

I don't doubt but what every builder conſiders himſelf as a party concerned, in making the bed-chambers ſo inſtrumental in preventing amours.

*Billy.* I never ſhall forget Miſs S—'s mamma peeping through the key-hole whilſt I was upon the bed with her; ſhe broke in at the very critical minute. — Miſs was crying out, *O! ye Gods!* — when mamma ruſhing upon us, exclaimed, *Oh ye Devils! have I caught you in the fact?* I, endeavouring to recover myſelf, enraged the old lady more than all, by ſpoiling her black ſilk apron, which ſhe never uſed to ſtarch. — Miſs run one way, I run another, and left mamma to contemplate upon, and vent her rage at all the misfortunes that had happened.

*Dick.*

*Dick.* And how could you make up this affair?

*Billy.* Why, I never was able to ſet my foot again in the houſe.—Miſs was ſent off to a nunnery at Dunkirk that very day, and I've never heard of her ſince.

*Dick.* Poor girl:—if her mother had ſtaid but a minute longer, ſhe might have turned nun with the conſolation of running no riſk of leading apes in hell;—but as it was, I think the black ſilk apron has more ſin to anſwer for than her.

*Billy.* Bleſs me! it's paſt nine; and I've an engagement upon my hands preciſely a quarter after.—Oh! here comes the poſtillion.

*Jack.* What! a woman of faſhion waiting for you in a poſt chaiſe?

*Bill.* Mum — (*in a low voice*) only a jaunt for the evening, now my Lord's out of town.—*Bon foir.*

*Har.* Now will I wager a guinea to a ſhilling, that he has hired a poſt chaiſe to wait for him at the corner, without a ſoul in it, for the appearance of an intrigue with Lady S——, when he is as much a ſtranger to her beyond a bow and a curteſy, as I am to the reigning Sultana.

*Jack.* Bill Noodle will hire chairmen to leave letters for him in a female hand at half the coffee-houſes in town, to make the men envy him for his ſucceſs; the letters he writes himſelf, and gets his waſherwoman to direct them, as ſhe has ſolemnly declared to me.

*Har.* Some men carry on amours with themſelves, to ſave their money; but

but he is at greater expence by intriguing with himſelf, than many of the firſt rate rakes are in enjoying half the fine women in town.

*Dick.* Bill will tell us to-morrow what a luſcious morſel her Ladyſhip is, and that he believes ſhe is troubled with the *furor uterinus*, or is immenſely fond of him, as he could ſcarce ſatisfy her, though — *(modeſty prevents the numerical relation.)*

Here we ſhall cloſe this dialogue, with obſerving, that the young men of the age tax themſelves with more vices than their conſtitutions are able to ſupport, and ruin more reputations with their tongues, than the chamber key-holes, however, fatally ſituated for intrigue, diſcover the loſs of; ſo that we may conclude with *Rowe*, and this bit of advice to the Ladies,

Were

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you truſt,
Did you but know how ſeldom Fools are juſt;
So many of your Sex would not, in vain,
Of broken vows and faithleſs men complain.

Mr. *Eitherſide* comes running into the coffee-room this very moment with a ruſty laced coat, and never a ſhirt, —out of breath, he poſts himſelf within eye-ſhot of the door, and calls in great agitation for a glaſs of water.— All eyes are upon him; — every one enquires who is that perſon, is he out of his ſenſes? — eſcaped from bedlam, or a private mad-houſe? *Bob Know-all*, who is acquainted with every man's buſineſs, knows every *faux pas* that has been made, and every blunder that has been committed theſe twenty years, by every individual above the degree of an attorney's hackney clerk, takes upon him to inſtruct the circle. "Why, gentlemen, that is Mr. Either-

"ſide,

" ſide, the preſent great political
" writer. He originally figured in
" the capacity of an under-clerk to a
" linen-draper; but having made
" ſome pecuniary miſtake in ſettling
" his accounts, his maſter diſcharged
" him without bringing him to con-
" dign puniſhment; but for want of
" a character, he was obliged to live
" upon his ſmall capital; which being
" nearly exhauſted, he ſet up a Re-
" giſter-office at St. James's end of the
" town, where, having taken in as
" many ſervant maids and footmen out
" of place as applied to him, for their
" ſhillings, he thought it was time to
" ſhut up his bulk and decamp. His
" finances thus recruited, he ſought
" employment amongſt the Printers,
" and was retained by a publiſher of
" one of the daily papers, as a collector

" of

" of intelligence, in which capicity he
" ſucceeded to admiration; as beſides
" his ſtipend, in quality of collector,
" he received a *douceur* extraordinary
" for the province of deaths, mar-
" riages and caſualties, which, with
" an occaſional *half-crown* letter to
" the printer to fill up ſpace, when
" Extraordinary Gazettees were not
" rife, procured him a very com-
" fortable ſubſiſtence. This we may
" look upon as his firſt riſe in the lite-
" rary world, and for which his ge-
" nius was finely calculated; the
" Allies might lay inactive a whole
" campaign in Weſtphalia; the
" French not loſe a province or an
" iſland in America, and yet there
" never was a dearth of news.—He
" could at any time commit a horrid
" murder; catch a monſter, or raiſe

" a

" a Cock-lane ghoſt; conſummate a
" marriage between Sir Thomas
" Plumb and Miſs Takeall, a beau-
" tiful young lady with a fortune of
" ten thouſand pounds, or every qua-
" lification to render the marriage ſtate
" happy:—throw a labourer off a
" ſcaffold, break his legs, and carry
" him upon his back to St. George's
" hoſpital. Such talents as theſe were
" not to be deſpiſed; his printer knew
" their value, and cheriſhed them.
" But where is contentment or ſecu-
" rity to be found? His active genius
" was his downfal. His own inven-
" tion did not always ſupply the place
" of real intelligence: he had his
" rendezvous, and his liſtening cor-
" ners. One coffee-houſe in parti-
" cular, the frequenters of which were
" very communicative, was extremely

" fruitful

" fruitful to him : he uſed to take his
" poſt in a convenient ſeat, pore
" over an *old Daily*, and ſnuff the
" candle to hear better, till he ſucked
" in as much news as would fill a
" column. The gentlemen were
" greatly ſurpriſed to frequently find
" their converſation nearly word for
" word as it had paſſed, the next
" day in the ——. Eitherſide's
" great taciturnity and attention to
" what he read, gave them a ſuſpi-
" cion ; and it was reſolved, from time
" to time, to invent intelligence, and
" argue upon it as if it were real. The
" bait took. —— The French had
" paſſed the Weſer, and attacked the
" Allies the next day, though they
" had never made the leaſt motion but
" in — coffee-houſe. Frequent re-
" petitions of this falſe news hurt the
" reputation

" reputation of the paper, and his
" publiſher turned him off as an im-
" poſtor. — What can a genius in
" diſtreſs do? — He commenced au-
" thor at large, and wrote ſome pieces
" with indifferent ſucceſs; but at
" length ſtudying more to pleaſe him-
" ſelf and the public, than his book-
" ſeller, he was under the neceſſity of
" printing his works upon his own ac-
" count; the conſequence of which
" was, that he found himſelf at
" the end of the year fifty pounds
" in debt to his printer, and as
" much to his ſtationer; but for-
" tunately for him, the Act of grace
" took place, and he was white-
" waſhed with two chimney-ſweepers,
" three barbers, and his own devil.
" He might now look upon himſelf
" as clear of the world, as indeed he

" was

" was of both creditors and credit for
" ſome time: and the preſent poli-
" tical conteſt gave him the moſt
" promiſing hopes of figuring in a
" higher ſphere than ever. He abuſed
" the miniſter, and anſwered him-
" ſelf; he has proved, that continental
" connections are the millſtone round
" the neck of England, and miller-
" like he got a dinner by the griſt;
" a keen appetite proved it the
" next day a pair of corks, with-
" out which Great Britain could never
" wade through the war with honour
" and glory. He got the laced coat
" he has now on by the loſs of New-
" foundland; and would have raiſed
" the ſiege of the Havannah with
" the greateſt advantage to himſelf
" and the Spaniards, if the unfor-
" tunate news of its ſurrender had not

" come

" come the very morning he was
" putting his piece to preſs. He has
" paid off the national debt no leſs
" than ſix different times, with glory
" to the nation, at his own expence,—
" though he has always diſcharged
" his private creditors with a ſpunge.
" — Never was there a more public-
" ſpirited man! He was giving peace
" to Europe this very morning, and
" was upon the point of ſigning the
" preliminaries, when a bailiff broke
" in upon him whilſt he was writing
" in bed without a ſhirt, the only
" one he is now poſſeſſed of
" being then waſhing: he remon-
" ſtrated to the catchpole the im-
" practicability of attending him in
" his then ſituation; but all remon-
" ſtrances were vain—the implacable
" *Bum* abſolutely refuſed taking the
" ſurety

" ſurety of a noble Lord, who was then
" penning " Conſiderations upon the
" Preliminaries now ſigning," which
" Mr. Eitherſide offered to put in his
" hands as ſecurity for a debt of eight
" pounds: and being forced out with
" nothing but his coat, he has made
" his eſcape from the officer in the
" condition you ſee."

Mr. *Syllogiſm*, who lives upon argument, took his degrees at the Robin-Hood, and has become a member of the Society for promoting arts, manufactures, and oratory, came in to-night full charged with the whole minutes, and debated the queſtion over again to a circle round the fire.

" Gentlemen (ſaid he) a motion
" was made and ſeconded, that the
" liſt of premiums for the current year
" might be read; and the ſame being
" read

" read accordingly, it was imagined,
" that, though no particular proviſion
" was made for the ſubjects then
" under conſideration, according to
" the ſpirit of the text, they might
" be underſtood under the general
" heads of machines, and had been
" referred to the committee of me-
" chanics, who were there ready
" to make their report accordingly.
" The petition was then read, ſetting
" forth, that the petitioner had for
" many years made it her ſole em-
" ployment to ſtudy the conſtruction
" of a machine, according to the niceſt
" art, for the preſervation of the lives
" of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects, and
" that ſhe had arrived at ſuch perfec-
" tion in the proſecution of her deſign,
" that ſhe met with the greateſt en-
" couragement from the nobility, gen-
" try,

" try, and particularly the mercantile " part of the kingdom; and that as " this ſociety took under their conſide- " ration many uſeful diſcoveries and " improvements, the petitioner hoped " ſhe might receive the ſanction " of the ſame, leaving it to the deter- " mination of the worthy members, " through their great wiſdom, what " premium they would grant her for " the ſame." Another petition was alſo read from *Moſes Solomon Da- coſta*, ſetting forth, " beſides the " many advantages that accrued to " this nation from the uſe and appli- " cation of his machines, (which " were particularly calculated for the " more refined part of the creation, " and more in eſteem than any yet " produced by his rivals and com- " petitors, who had pirated the ori-

" ginal

" ginal invention of his father, that
" first planned and constructed this
" useful design) if the circulation of
" these machines were perfectly en-
" couraged, so as to supply both the
" inland and foreign markets, they
" might be looked upon as a staple
" commodity, and the government
" might, by keeping this manufac-
" ture entirely in their own hands,
" be enabled in a short time to pay
" off the national debt, with glory to
" the nation, and honour to all.

" Signed,

Moses Solomon D'Acosta,
born anno 1686."

" Mr. *Scruple*, from the com-
" mittee of mechanics, reported that
" these machines having been under
" their consideration for nine weeks,



" they

" they examined the merits of each
" of theſe machines reſpectively, and
" came to a reſolution, that the pe-
" titioner's, M. Philips's, were of
" the moſt durable nature, made of
" the moſt laſting texture, and were
" well calculated for our foreign trade,
" and wear and tear; and that the
" petitioner's, D'Acoſta's, were more
" immediately ſuited for home
" conſumption, and the ſupplying of
" this great metropolis."

Mr. *Devious* roſe up, and ſpoke to the following effect. " Mr. Pre-
" ſident, having conſtantly attended
" the committee during the examina-
" tion, I think I am fully enabled to
" acquaint the Society with the me-
" rits of each of the productions re-
" ſpectively. According to the mi-
" nutes I have now before me, it ap-
" pears

" pears, that Mrs. Phillips's machine
" was firſt blown up the 18th day of
" January; that it remained in this
" inflated condition till the firſt day
" of February following, when the
" wind was extracted by an air-pump,
" and, by the ſtricteſt calculation,
" there had evaporated but two grains
" three ſcruples of denſe air. The
" petitioner D'Acoſta's machine hav-
" ing underwent the ſame proceſs, it
" was found to have loſt ſeven grains,
" one ſcruple and a half. Whence
" we were led to examine the nature
" and texture of theſe machines re-
" ſpectively, and we found them as
" follows. N°. 6. 7. 8. 9. were made
" of perfect ſound and good country-
" bred hogs-bladders; thoſe marked
" 10. 11. 12. as far as 20. were un-
" ſizeable, and judged to be made

" from meazly diſtillers breeding. " Thoſe marked No. 3. 4. 5. were " found to be ſheeps bladders, and cal- " culated for no great markets. As " the ſociety have at preſent all theſe " different enumerated machines be- " fore them, they will be enabled, " from what I have urged, to judge " of their reſpective merits."

Mr. *Cruſoe* now roſe up, and, after expatiating for ſome time upon the great utility and advantage derived from this noble invention, which had in a great meaſure ſtopt the progreſs of the venereal diſorder; he continued, "Mr. Preſident, I am firmly of opinion, that both the petitioners ſhould be handſomely rewarded for the great improvements they have made in the fabrication of this machine, which, according to the ſamples here produced, are

are of all ſizes; tho' I am of opinion, that all thoſe which exeed No. 9. are ſuperfluous. And this naturally brings to my remembrance what paſſed in a certain honourable aſſembly, of which I had then the honour of being a member. The debate was concerning the nature and conſtruction of bricks, and the limitation of their dimenſions. I remember there was a very full houſe, and many ladies were in the gallery. [Here Mr. Cruſoe was ſomewhat interrupted, by being called *to order*; but he nevertheleſs continued.]—This digreſſion, Mr. Preſident, you will find, is no way unapplicable. I ſay, Sir, there were a great many ladies in the gallery; and a Welch member, who roſe up to ſpeak, after conſidering the nature and quality of bricks in general, now came to the propereſt

ſize; and was firmly of opinion, that a brick of nine inches was beſt calculated for ſervice. I ſhould have told you tho', that this gentleman always pronouncing a *b* a *p*, this opinion of his, thus conveyed, had a very extraordinary tendency, and the ladies were obliged to hide their faces with their fans.—I beg, Gentlemen, you would not laugh. It is an indecorum which ſhould not be allowed in this honourable ſociety.—You ſee, Mr. Preſident, this ſtory fully illuſtrates what I was ſaying. (*Looking at his notes*) So, Mr. Preſident, I am ſtill firmly of opinion, that all thoſe above N°. 9. are ſuperfluous. Now, Mr. Preſident, I ſhall conſider what influence the encouragement given to this glorious invention will have upon trade and commerce in general. And firſt, with regard to the

diſtillery

diſtillery, it certainly will have a wonderful effect upon that branch of our trade. As the diſtillers will find a better market for hogs bladders, ſo they will be encouraged to fatten a greater number of ſwine: pork will fall in its price; ſo that I imagine we ſhall have it even for 2d. or 2d. farthing a pound. Spirituous liquors will alſo fall in their price, and the diſtillers will be encouraged to make them wholeſomer. All this you ſee, Mr. Preſident, will be the natural conſequence of giving the intended encouragement to the vent and uſe of theſe machines. (*Pray, Gentlemen, don't laugh*) I am now, Mr. Preſident, going to prove, that by the general uſe and eſteem we ſhall ſet theſe machines in, we ſhall be enabled to drive the French out of Germany, and the Spaniards out of Portugal."

*Here an univerſal cry of* to order, to order, *prevented Mr. Cruſoe finiſhing his curious and ſagacious ſpeech.*

Mr. *Treatiſe* now roſe up, and made the following diſcourſe: " Mr. Vice-Conſul, From what I have been enabled to collect of this debate, I am emboldened to ſuggeſt, that we have not given the argument it's fulleſt and moſt ample latitude: I ſay, Mr. Vice-Conſul, it appears to me that many other conſiderations ſhould be taken in; firſt, the advantage we ſhall derive by ſupplying all the foreign markets with this manufacture, and if a bounty be allowed as upon corn, render it a ſtaple commodity. We already ſupply the Dutch, who are carriers to the French and Spaniards; we have a ballance from Portugal in our favour, and I doubt not we may

ſupplant

ſupplant the French in this branch of trade up the Mediterranean, ſupply the Italian ſtates and the Levant, if we continue making the manufacture agreeable to the ſamples, the default of which has been the ſole reaſon of our woollen manufacture falling off in thoſe parts. We may extend this branch of our trade to the Baltic, and throw the ballance of trade from Ruſſia in our favour. Now it appears that the French and Dutch take from us nearly 600,000 groſs per annum, which at only five ſhillings the groſs amount to, let me ſee,—five times ſix are thirty, the fours in thirty, ſeven times and two over—ay, ſeventy-two thouſand pounds ſterling—Our colonies certainly will take off as many more—and the great demand from Italy and Turky will certainly be double that; ſo

that we cannot eſtimate this branch of our trade, properly encouraged, at leſs than two millions ſterling per annum. Moreover, Mr. Vice-Conſul, the advantages we ſhall gain herefrom are not confined to trade alone; our navigation will derive an ineſtimable benefit from their general uſe and application; particularly from No. 9. to 20. as every ſeaman, knowing their utility, will furniſh himſelf with them, and many thouſand lives, of the moſt uſeful of our fellow ſubjects, will thereby be ſaved, as half a dozen machines, properly blown up, under each arm, are a certain ſecurity in the greateſt ſtorm, or even wreck, and will ſoon be preferred to cork jackets, or any other invention. Thus, I think, Mr. Vice-Conſul, it has been proved, that the encouragement of this great inven-

tion

tion will highly increaſe the trade, promote the navigation, and augment the riches of this nation, as well as preſerve the lives of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects upon every element. I ſhall now point out, Mr. Vice-Conſul, what bounty ſhould be given on the exportation, and what deductions there ſhould be upon ſecond-hand machines for French markets."

Mr. Epiſode interrupted Mr. Treatiſe here, deſiring to make an obſervation, that none of the petitioner, Solomon Dacoſta's machines could be ſent with any ſafety to Romiſh countries, particularly where the inquiſition had any influence, as they were conſtructed entirely upon Levitic principles, and could not be uſed with ſafety by any uncircumciſed perſon.

Mr. *Ample* now roſe up, and made

a ſpeech to the following effect: "Mr. Preſident, Sorry I am to be obliged to riſe up on this occaſion, to ſpeak upon ſo diſagreeable a ſubject; but as I find many of the gentlemen of this honourable ſociety, have been blinded by the ſeeming advantages which will accrue to the nation in a commercial light from the encouragement the proprietors of theſe machines expect from the ſociety; I think it neceſſary to open their eyes in this regard, and, firſt, to point out, that, by encouraging the circulation and uſe of theſe machines, vice is immediately cheriſhed and protected, by preventing ſuch diſorders as are incidental from cohabiting with a variety of women: that the propagation of the ſpecies is hereby alſo, in a great meaſure, prevented; and that the ſanction this will

give

give to fornication, will hurt the cauſe of matrimony, which has already received too ſenſible a ſhock to admit of any freſh impediments. I ſay, Mr. Preſident, from theſe conſiderations, it muſt appear to every impartial perſon, who has the welfare of ſociety at heart, that any pecuniary or commercial advantages which may be derived from a more univerſal eſteem and circulation of theſe machines, will be inadequate to the evils which will be derived from their general uſe; and I therefore take the liberty of putting a negative upon the propoſal, for giving a premium to the petitioners."

The ſociety now divided, and a ballot enſued; when the queſtion was carried in the affirmative, 34 againſt 16.

The Chevalier *Deſ--x*, whoſe merit no other title can equal, has entertained

tained us for ſome time with his poetical genius, which is without rival, and will remain without copy. " Gentlemens, de poetes be de greateſt caracteres, de moſt reſpectable perſonages in de varld; me have de great ſoul, do me have only de little body; and do my head be but ſmall, me have de vaſt conceptions.—Vat be your Voltaires, your Janſen, your Maſon, to me? Day be (vanité à part) like de little inſect compare to de elephant.—Homere and me be de only two poetes that did ever exiſt; and as I look upon him as my broder, do he lived ſo many hundred years ago, and dat he has tranſfuſe his eſprit into me, ſo I lend him my bard to decorate his buſt, which I have in my garret. *Les bons amis doivent vivre en bonne intelligence, et partager leurs biens en commun.* It is me

dat

dat have revive de golden age, make flouriſh de true poetique genius of Athéne, and give luſtre to de ſeventeen centurie. Do de varld be ſo partial as to give de preferance to Shakeſpear and Boileau before me, de poſterité will do me dat juſtice my cotemporaires denie me. I ſhall (vanité à part) have a mauſolée erected to my memory, and my pièces vill be read vid admiration, ven deirs vill not be mention.—Have you heard my new Ode à L'Imbécilité?—it be a chef d'œuvre—I vill give you little idée,

Quand Louis abaiſſe La Pompadour,
Il l'a bien donné la velour;
Mais quand le Roy de P— avoit envie,
Il n'a pas pu trouver ſon—

O que c'eſt fort—voila du nerf—du ſentiment—du ſel, et encore du vinaigre!"

*Genius.*

*Genius.* Pray, Chevalier, is this Ode ſatyrical or panegyrical?

*Chevalier.* Ignorant!

Quoique Voltaire n'ait point d'ame
(Ce n'eſt pas que je lui damne)
S'il reſſuſcite dans l'autre monde,
Que le Roy d'enfer lui fera gronde—

Ah! que ce gronde—ce ſeul mot de gronde, ſi bien appliqué, vaut bien une bibliotêque entiére."

You underſtand me, gentlemens, dat be one of de fineſt paſſages in my poeme, it be impoſſible to tranſlate it; it be ſo ſublime (vanité à part) it merit to be written in de lettres of gold.

*Gen.* Why, chevalier, though you ſay you do not damn Voltaire, yet you ſend him to hell headlong; and tho' you pretend he has no ſoul, you make the devil ſcold him in the infernal regions; but why, or wherefore, we are entirely left in the dark.

*Chev.*

*Chev.* Ignorant! You pretend to be de critique, and you no underſtand vat me mean—dat be de licence poetique—as vell as de vards *reſſuſcite* and *fera gronde*, which ſhould be by de rights *reſſuſcitoit* and *grondoit*.

*Gen.* This is, I ſuppoſe, to preſerve the metre; yet we find ſeven ſyllables in the three firſt lines, and nine in the laſt—What ſort of verſe this is, I cannot pretend to ſay.

*Chev. Pauvre Genie!* You meſure de eſprit of a poete by de nombre of his ſyllables. It is de ſentiment, de conception, dat you ſhould mind—Had I put one vard more, or one ſyllable leſs, I ſhould have ſpoil one of de fineſt ſtanze dat ever be written.

The Chevalier was going on to explain this curious paſſage, and give ſome more reaſons, equally excellent,

for the poetical licences he had taken, when *Insano* entered, with his hair in papers, after having appeared two hours before full dreſt for the play, and an hour after that in boots and a riding dreſs. The Chevalier turned to him, ſaying, " I ſee, Sar, you be de gentleman of de penetration ; you underſtand perfectly dat fine ſtanze I juſt now read, (vanité à part) ; it ſurpaſſed every ting dat vas ever ſaid by all de poetes in de varld, except Homere ; and indeed, to do juſtice to myſelf, I do not remember to have ever read any ting equal to it in eider his Odeſſy or his Illiad."

The Chevalier would certainly have convinced Inſano of all this, had he been appriſed of what he meant ; but not coming in till after the paſſage in queſtion had been rehearſed, he imagined

gined the Chevalier was laughing at him; and having no great turn for loquacity, he reſented it, by taking a diſh of chocolate, the waiter had juſt brought him, which he flung at the Chevalier—The Chevalier bobbed and loſt it—But the Count, who ſtood behind him, and never miſſed a good thing in his life, having his mouth open, it came plump into it—The Count rubbed his hands, and ſaid, "It was very good chocolate; but there was no news ſtirring—no mail in to-day."

I ſhould not finiſh theſe Memoirs ſo abruptly; but having no more credit at the chandler-ſhop for paper, I find myſelf under an abſolute neceſſity to put an end to them here, having ſcarce room to cram in the laſt word, ſo eſſential to complete the work, FINIS.

Thus was I compelled to terminate the firſt edition, which has met with ſo favourable a reception from the public, that I have not only been enabled to pay off my ſcore at the chandler-ſhop, and diſcharged my arrears of rent with my landlady (who, I can aſſure you, became not a little troubleſome, eſpecially as the peace approached, and ſhe was informed by an *eminent lawyer*, who was deeply concerned for many of the white-waſhers, that there would an act of grace immediately enſue) but alſo to lay in a very ample ſtock of paper, pens, and ink; ſo that I look upon myſelf now as an author at large: and I know not how much I may peſter the town, or divert the public, before I have wrote out my three reams, as I find the *cacoëthes ſcribendi* ſtrongly upon me.

My

My book was ſcarce dry from the preſs, before many new characters appeared upon this theatre of action.

*Roderigo*, juſt come of age, and from Bath, imagining three thouſand a year conferred upon him every qualification that a man of that fortune ſhould be endowed with, and that no man poſſeſſed of leſs could be his equal in point of merit or ſenſe, that had not an equal revenue, had qualified himſelf a wit and critic—pronounced judgment upon every new production, railed at new actors, and condemned new pieces. Roderigo had furniſhed his houſe in Berkley-Square in the neweſt taſte had ordered a curious ſide-board of filigree plate, was in hourly expectation of his new chariot from Paris, becauſe the *Martin varniſh* could not be equalled here, and he

was then to teach the world taſte, and politeneſs: in the mean while he amuſed himſelf with reforming the immoderate height of the frock-ſleeve, the prepoſterous length of ſkirts and waiſtcoats, the inelegant ſize and cock of the hat, the loop turning down part of the brim, contrary to all rule; the half boot-ſhoes were his averſion, and leather breeches down to the inſtep he deteſted. Theſe were the moſt important objects of his conſideration; having reſolved, that as ſoon as he had made a thorough reformation in them, he would attack the ſeat of Reaſon, and prove every *Friſeur* in town a blockhead.

Such were the talents, ſuch the purſuits of Roderigo, who thought no woman in the world worthy of matrimony, on account of her perſon and qualifications

qualifications—nor the enjoyment of any female equal to the trouble of the chace—A profound anti-dangler, he would never be ſeen with a lady in a public place, or ſpeak of the ſex with common good nature. " Look there (he would ſay at Ranelagh)—is not that *Florella?*—The ſame—you may know her by her muſk at this diſtance —and in the morning ſhe ſcents the whole houſe with her breath and her infragrant arm-pits. — *Vermilia* too! that woman's face ſtands her in fifty pounds a year rack-rent, and you may buy a handſomer maſk at any ſhop in town for a ſhilling—her perfumer cheats her, ſells her brick-duſt for carmine, and ſhe has burnt more handkerchiefs to prevent the detection of her painting, which all the world is convinced of, than would pay the ex-

pence of her funeral, which her corpſe when waſhed, loudly calls for the ceremony of ——What, thou antiquated toaſt *Derella*—it's thy ear-rings and not thyſelf that *Curio* is in love with —he is now praiſing the brightneſs of your eyes, and he means the luſtre of your diamonds—Now he talks of charms, underſtand him thoſe of your equipage—and laſt of all he builds upon affection—when he thinks of your dower.—Poor *Laura!*—incontinent Laura! every fall is a fall for thee indeed—what ſtill talk of reputation, and even ſometimes ſlip out the word *virtue*—Though your brats call you mama, and your preſent prominence, indicates your paſt trepaſſes; take advice, Laura, if you muſt ſin, for ſin you will, have more caution or leſs

prudery

prudery—it is true your virtue's not at ſtake, but your common ſenſe is."

From this one might be led to imagine Roderigo was a profeſſed woman-hater—nay, worſe. No ſuch thing—Roderigo bears the ladies no ill will, and he has been known to treat ſome of them kindly in private—but dangling is his averſion—and who can avoid the opportunity of ſaying ſo many good things, when there is ſuch a fund for ſatyr.

Roderigo's wit, thus exerciſed, had excited the ſpleen of the whole ſex againſt him; he is accuſed of the moſt infamous practices, it is inſinuated he is guilty of the moſt unnatural crimes—his tradeſmen publickly aver his honeſty and probity, and his little family *in ſpirits* are ſupœna'd to evince his predominant paſſion. The wo-

men thus foiled, have recourſe to other expedients—he has baſtards ſworn to him on every hand—he pays the pariſh, that is, he treats the officers, who drink his health, and ſucceſs to the old trade of baſket-making—three church-wardens die of ſurfeits in a twelvemonth, and fornication may for once be ſaid, to ſend as many out of the world as it brings in. But female rage does not ſtop here—he has a rape ſworn to him, by a woman he never ſaw, and *Chartres* like, might have been condemned for a crime he was not guilty of, though culpable with impunity of many ſimilar, if he had not lucklily proved by *alibi*, his preſence, at the time ſworn to, in another place.

Thus perſecuted by the ſex, he declares open war againſt them all, goes down

down to Bath in full reſolution of lampooning every petticoat in the Pump-room, narrowly eſcapes a whipping, at the hands of four noted Buckeſſes, who had laid an infallible plan of trapping him into their company, if they had not been betrayed by one of their waiting maids, who revealed the ſecret to him for a bribe; and Q——n adviſes him "to let the cats alone, for the more he nettles thoſe vitious puſſes, the more they will ſcratch." With this bit of ſalutary advice he leaves Bath, and arrives in town to diſplay his talents upon political, theatrical, literary, and other polite themes; ſo that we are in the higheſt expectation of ſeeing Roderigo make no ſmall figure in the future annals of the Bedford.

*N. B.* He has fought but one duel yet, this 16th day of January, Anno Domini 1763, which was in a saw-pit, in the farthermoſt part of Devonſhire, when he was run through his little finger on his left-hand, but without wounding his antagoniſt, which is all the information we could gain thereof from the ſaid Roderigo; as witneſs our hand (the day and year above mentioned)

John Slaughter, regiſter to the Court of Honour.

*Item.* It having been repreſented to this honourable court, that *Dorimont* had fairly killed his man; he was admitted a temporary member—but upon farther examination, this appearing to be his ſervant, his name was cancelled from the liſt.

*Item.*

*Item. Didlius* is inſtructed to have his ſword new ground, and pointed immediately, otherwiſe he will be ſtruck off the liſt.

*Item. Poltronius's* plea cannot be admitted, of never having uſed any thing but hard ſoap and waſh-ball, as pomatum was found in his pocket the day after the twitch.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Some very good tuck-blades of a proper length, to parry any moderate affront, to be diſpoſed off cheap, by a gentleman lately arrived from Paris, member of the fighting club in the *Rue St. Honoré*. For farther particulars, inquire of Monſr. Foudroyant, at the Bloody-Arm in Piccadilly.

Wanted, ſome of the beſt ſcowering paper, to wipe off ſtains, ſpots, and

other diſagreeable marks, that have light upon ſome of the beſt cloaths (particularly behind) of many of the members of the Court of Honour.

*N. B.* Any perſon poſſeſſed of a greater quantity of genuine courage than they may have occaſion for, alſo the ſecond ſort called *bullying*, with a proper aſſortment of impudence, may hear of immediate purchaſers, by inquiring at the bar.

To be lett, and entered on immediately,

A ſcarlet ſuit of cloaths, properly ornamented, with paſte-board breaſt-plate, and all the neceſſary appurtenances to fight, bully, or be kicked in. For farther particulars inquire as above.

Wanted immediately,

A large quantity of black crape to tie up arms, &c. ſuppoſed to be hurt and wounded in duels.

To

To be diſpoſed off, little the worſe for wear,

Two ſecond-hand characters, fit for gentlemen of any profeſſion, who never killed their man, and have not been kicked above once.

Wanted ſoon after the holidays,

An uſher, who is complete maſter of punctilio, and can decide all honourable controverſies, according to the niceſt rules, prevent duels, and the effuſion of chriſtian blood under the piazzas.

*Note*, It is not neceſſary he ſhould underſtand vulgar fractions.

To all men of honour, courage and reſolution, fully determined to reſent affronts, and vindicate their characters.

Lives are inſured at the bar, upon good policy, at a moderate præmium.

The

The reader will, doubtless, from hence conclude, the hint given in the firſt edition of this volume, for erecting a Court of Honour here, has been taken, and that theſe advertiſements are very well calculated for a new periodical paper, under the title of the "Fighting Journal, or Covent-Gar-"den Intelligencer." Theſe points will be cleared up before it's long; but the curious world muſt for the preſent ſatisfy themſelves with ruminating upon the utility and advantages that will be derived from theſe inſtitutions.

"There lies honour," ſays Falſtaf. —*Imprunto*, ſays the ſame, "what is it to me what the world ſays of me, whilſt I have a good dinner and a clean ſhirt? There can be no ſin in eating (to moderation), and cleanlineſs is a virtue." This is the way Imprunto reaſons;

reaſons; yet he does not want parts, has a lively imagination, and talents, if properly applied, that would have done credit to an honourable ſtation: But launching into the world with a ſmall patrimony, a greater knowledge of of books than men, an itch for play and faſhionable diverſions, Imprunto was ſoon a beggar, and though he never was upon the pariſh, he has been a tax upon moſt houſekeepers in Weſtminſter. When Imprunto wants a meal, he does not follow the example of the late Lord P—r—e, who would ſtrip a yard of lace off the flap of his coat one day, and its companion the next, take home a ſhoulder of mutton in his hand, with this in part undecorated dreſs, ſend it to the oven, and give a chimney-ſweeper (which his neighbourhood abounded with)

with) half a dozen hot potatoes for porterage: No, Imprunto purſued a very different method—the firſt man he met of genteel appearance, known or unknown, he made a dead ſet at, ſhook him by the hand, told him a piece of news (of his own invention) which he had juſt learnt from a Lord of the T——y, and, with a dextrous apoſtrophe, feeling in his pocket, ended with—"Good G—d! have you any looſe ſilver—I've abſolutely forgot my purſe—it's near half paſt three, I can't poſſibly go home, for my Lord ——'s dinner will be ready before I can return?" In all likelihood, if this was the firſt attack, he ſucceeded, and he entered by this time into a half-crown diſſertation upon the ſhamefulneſs of giving vails in a nobleman's family,

family, and literally paying for one's dinner.

Imprunto has borrowed ten thouſand pounds in half crowns, and it was expected he would ſet up his chariot upon the coming out of the quarter guineas. He has not only the beſt face in the world to aſk, but alſo the happieſt manner of apologizing for the non-payment, in caſe of being taxed with a debt of this ſort, which ſeldom happens without it becomes aggregate. A gentleman on whom he had made theſe ſmall draughts to the amount of ten ſhillings, obſerving Imprunto go into a banker's ſhop in the Strand, had the curioſity to watch him, and ſeeing him pay in a pretty large ſum, he thought that was the propereſt and moſt likely time of recovering his debt: he went in, and reminded him of his

his loan: Imprunto, who had the moſt treacherous memory in the world upon occaſion, could not poſſibly call to mind having ever ſeen his creditor before in his life; but the gentleman reciting numerous particulars, which he could not with all his *face* have the effrontery to deny; having obtained by this time the banker's receipt for a hundred pounds, he juſt began to recollect ſomething of the affair, but was very ſorry he had not ſeen him a quarter of an hour ſooner, as he had juſt paid in all his caſh, and left himſelf without a *denier*; in ſo ſaying, he made the gentleman a very low obeiſance, and left him in the ſhop to confer with his caſhier.

It may appear ſurpriſing, that a man of this caſt ſhould ever be poſſeſſed of a hundred pounds, or that upon it's being

being known, he was not torn to death by courts of conſcience—To reconcile the firſt point, it ſhould be obſerved, that whenever Imprunto had gathered together a little money, he went to the gaming table, and frequently proved ſucceſsful; and to obviate the ſecond objection, let it be conſidered, what gentleman would chuſe to have his name mentioned in ſuch a place for a few ſhillings?

Imprunto was at Bath, and meeting with Lord C—— *ſolus*, "Egad, my Lord, ſaid he, I'm quite broke down —I loſt every farthing laſt night at the hazard table, and if you don't lend me a guinea I am ruined." Whoever is acquainted with that nobleman, muſt know, his extenſive generoſity would let no man, who could addreſs him ſo freely, be in diſtreſs for ſuch a ſum; ſo

that

that Imprunto was ſure of the money, if the opportunity did but offer. His Lordſhip, ſometime after going up to amuſe himſelf at billiards, finds Imprunto, as the phraſe is, knocking the balls about. His Lordſhip wanted to play a game; but knowing the ſtate of Imprunto's finances, declined a match with him, though it was the equalleſt his Lordſhip could make. Imprunto preſſed him to play—his Lordſhip unwilling to expoſe him, declined, without aſſigning any reaſon for not conſenting, till at length being importuned ſo much, he was compelled to ſay he did not chuſe to play without ſtaking the money.—"With all my heart, my Lord, replied Imprunto, I'll play with you for that guinea", putting the guinea his Lordſhip had lent him into the billiard pocket. His Lordſhip

ſhip now found himſelf under a neceſſity of playing, or diſcovering all that had paſſed. In a word, his Lordſhip loſt to him threeſcore guineas in purſuit of the ſingle one he had lent, beſides upwards of a hundred to perſons round the table. Imprunto had however the addreſs in this affair to appear my Lord's friend, though in fact the motive was nothing but ſelf-intereſt: having won ſeveral games ſucceſſively, and finding my Lord perſiſted in betting with the group that uſually attended thoſe places, (which Imprunto conſidered as ſo much money out of his own pocket) he flung down his maſs, in ſaying he would play no more, if his Lordſhip perſevered in betting, when he was ſo much out of play: to which his Lordſhip replied, "As theſe gentlemen (meaning the group) do me the honour

honour to accompany me to all public places, the leaſt I can do is to ſupport my attendants."

The parts, abilities, and amazing qualifications of Doctor *Optic*, have rendered him ſo conſpicuous to the eyes of all thoſe he has and has not cured, that I ſhould have thought it unneceſſary to have ſubpœna'd his appearance here, had he not had ſo great a ſhare in a curious dialogue that lately paſſed here, between himſelf, Roderigo, Imprunto, and another Genius of the firſt water, whom we ſhall preſently bring forth; and conſidering the importance of, and attention that has been paid to ſo reſpectable a character as Doctor Optic, by all the powers in Europe, it muſt have appeared in me the higheſt point of negligence to have let this great opportunity

nity ſlip of obtaining his own opinion, and that of all crowned heads, upon his *demie-naturelle*, and the preſent ſtate of public affairs.

Politics, at the Bedford, are as uncommon as dramatic affairs at Jonathan's; but if ſuch phœnomena as Syſtem, will make an eccentric appearance out of their orb, a buſtle will enſue, and auditors will attend.

No man is better acquainted with the preſent ſtate of North America than Syſtem; he knew the courſe of the Miſſiſſippi from its ſource (which, by the bye, has never yet been diſcovered) to its influx into the gulph of Mexico, better than he does the navigation of the river Thames from Windſor to Graveſend. He is acquainted with all the Indian nations, above or below

low, and round about the great lakes, whether they be Chickaſaws, Twigtwees, or Chactaws; the trade and advantages we derive from every one of our colonies, what manufactures they take from their mother-country, by what charters and grants they have been ſettled, and whether we ſhould have kept the iſlands, and given up the continent, at a peace. All this, and a great deal more, he knows—all this, and a great deal more, he talks of—No wonder then the terms of pacification, ſo popular a ſubject, ſhould be canvaſſed in his preſence, even at the Bedford—No wonder the following dialogue ſhould find a place in theſe memoirs.

*Syſ.* I tell you, Sir, the proprietary lands, and the Apalachian mountains, are now quite out of the queſtion.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* Not but I think the piece has merit—but why ſo perſonal?

*Syſ.* Merit in the peace! there is no merit in the peace,—'tis a patch-work performance, made up of the ſhreds of the treaties of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle—replete with all their tatters, equivocations, and inconveniences, without any of their advantages.—Pray what have we in return for Guadaloupe, Martinico, Deſirade, Marigalante, Cuba, Goree, and all the poſſeſſions we reſtore to the French upon the coaſt of Coromandel? Ay, what?

*Rod.* Sir, you miſtake me—I mean the new play—

*Syſ.* Sir, I tell you it matters not how much we are in poſſeſſion of Canada, and all North America, as long as the French have got footing there; they will never be at quiet, but mak-

ing inroads into our back ſettlements, and exciting the natives to do the ſame —or elſe why ſo careful to procure that bit of land between the Mobile and the mouth of the Miſſiſſippi ?

*Opt.* I ſhould like to have the opinion of crowned heads upon this ſubject :—the private ſentiments of the king of Pruſſia—a great ſtateſman, as well as warrior—he aſſured me the laſt time I dined with him, which was the day before he took me for a ſpy, and ordered me to quit Berlin in twenty-four hours, that the ſyſtem of Europe would be entirely changed in a few years.

*Syſ.* Sir, the ſyſtem of Europe has nothing to do with America—it is North America we muſt attend to and nothing elſe,—it is by that we muſt ſtand or fall—if we had made our-

ſelves

ſelves maſters of Louiſiana, which we might have done as eaſily as—as—taken Crown-Point—we had nothing to fear from the French.

*Imp.* If my Lord A——n had lived, this peace would never have taken place; I have heard his lordſhip ſay many a time, that he would never approve of a peace—as long as the French had an inch of land in North America.

*Opt.* Lord A—— was certainly a very great ſeaman, ay and a very ſucceſsful navigator—but I don't think he underſtood much of polities. I ſhould rather have had the opinion of the Czarina, or the young Archduke Joſeph—ay, the opinion of the King of the Romans, muſt have been very deciſive.

*Imp.* I tell you, Sir, Lord A—— was better acquainted with America than all the Archdukes in the world

put together.—Did not he ſail round it by Cape Horn as far as he could go in the South Seas?—Did you never read his voyage?

*Opt.* If I had been named Plenipotentiary upon the occaſion, as indeed I had ſome reaſon to expect—I ſhould have choſen to have conſulted a few of the *Landgraves* and *Margraves*, as we have demonſtrably conquered *America* in *Germany*.

*Rod.* I can never think this play will have a run, notwithſtanding 'tis wrote by a Scotchman.—What think you of the fable?—the language, I think, is rather bombaſt—Orders, I am told, are very plentiful—a deputy manager was here to-night with his pocket fulk

*Imp.* I will wager ten pounds to a crown, that the French come to an

open

open rupture with us before this day ten years.

*Syf.* Sir, they will be able to rebuild their fleet in leſs time, and they can always man them, as ſoon as we return them twenty-five thouſand ſailors now priſoners here.

*Opt.* I don't imagine the houſe of *Baden-Dourlach* will ſend a miniſter to the congreſs; if they do, it will certainly fall upon the Baron de *Pollitzoutrcatz*, who is the very model of your humble ſervant, and has been taken for me at moſt of the courts of Germany—he dances a minuet far beyond any thing Goupir could ever do—but he is no ſtateſman—no head at all—but he plays delightfully at cheſs—he gave me a pawn—and offered the Duke of Neufchatel a Biſhop—a very great cheſs player indeed!—he

underſtands the art of pleaſing to a charm, he learnt it of me.—No man ſhould ever pretend to enter into a negotiation of any conſequence without having ſtudied it.—I ſhould gain every article neceſſary to be inſiſted upon in the treaty, by dint of the art of perſuaſion.—The ſoul's in the eye, and the eye's in the ſoul. That's enough, there's no withſtanding it. Now, when I was at Leyden, two ladies of the firſt faſhion ſent for me at the ſame time; it was impoſſible for me to oblige them, and ſo —

The Doctor was here interrupted in the relation of his amour, by the arrival of two Genius's, three Bucks, one Blood, and half a critic, from Drury-lane Play-houſe, who brought information that there had been a riot,

and the two Gentlemen of Verona prevented making their appearance, by reaſon of a cabal, who inſiſted upon admittance for half price, diſperſing papers, and inſiſting upon Mr. Obrien's reading one, ſignifying that the time Booth, Wilkes, and all the great actors of the laſt (I mean this) century performed, the public found admittance to ſee two acts of a play for two ſhillings in the boxes; but now that Garrick, Holland, Obrien, &c. are ſo indulgent as to oblige the town with their performances, they muſt pay five ſhillings, to ſee two acts of a revived piece, that was never in any eſteem.

This affair produced a very warm conteſt, which laſted for ſome time (after the ladies were deſired to withdraw, that they might not be frighted) ſeats were torn up, orations made, and

the tranquillity of the theatre was not re-eſtabliſhed, till the enſuing evening, when the ſame *anti-full price* party were preſent, and Mr. Garrick thought it prudent, upon being called for, to promiſe full price ſhould never be exacted, except during the run of a New Pantomime; upon which he received an univerſal teſtimony of applauſe, and the buſineſs of the drama took its uſual courſe.

We cannot, in this place, help applauding the ſpirit and reſolution that animated every opponent upon this occaſion, who, ſolely attentive to the juſt regulation of the theatre, have re-eſtabliſhed things upon a juſt footing. The taſte and judgment of the preſent arbitrators can never be called in queſtion, but will remain a laſting monument of the wiſdom and diſcern-

ment

ment of the learned world in 1763, by permitting nothing but new pantomimes to be paid for at a full price: the wit, ſenſe, moral, ſentiment and inſtruction of theſe productions, have long been manifeſt to every *judicious auditor*, and the excluſive preference they ſo eminently deſerve, and have now ſo juſtly received, will prevent all future cavilling at their ſuperiority over every other ſpecies of the *drama*, particularly thoſe trifling appendages known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*. *Melpomene* and *Thalia* may now both weep, or find it neceſſary to unite in producing a *tragi-comedy*, as more reſembling pantomime, and more likely to pleaſe in this poliſhed age, when the chaſte muſe alone has not power to gain applauſe.

ard, Ranger, Abel Drugger, &c. &c. than the beſt Harlequin that ever yet jumped through a window; and whether the firſt or the latter is more deſerving of full price?—This argument, as well as its appendages, have already been ſo copiouſly diſcuſſed, that I ſhall reſt it upon this gentleman's own deciſion, in order to bring into view ſome other characters, who have made themſelves conſpicuous upon this occaſion, without ſurpriſing the world ſo much at their conduct, it being far more conſiſtent and agreeable to their general notions and ſentiments, than that of Fizgig and his coadjutor, with their univerſal opinions and declarations.

Amongſt the foremoſt of the leaders of this oppoſition, we find that conſummate critic *Scenicus*. Long accuſtomed

tomed to attend theatrical exhibitions, Scenicus thinks himſelf better qualified to judge of *theatrical oeconomy*, than either of the managers of either houſe —he can caſt parts—ſubſtitute an actor ſuddenly taken ill—plan an apology to an audience—dreſs a character —or throw in a dance, more opportunely, and with greater ſkill, than any other renter of either houſe. Let it be remembered Scenicus has learning —his hiſtory he ſelects from Cibber— his philoſophy from Hamlet—and his morality from Gay: if indeed, the moſt ſtriking anecdotes of the firſt—the depth of reaſon of the ſecond—the ſatyr of the laſt, have eſcaped him— he remembers critically the day Wilkes departed this life,—which leg Barry had his ſtocking always looſe upon in the

the Soliloquy—and that no *Filch*, except the preſent, ever robbed Mrs. Die, going off with her preſent. Scenicus ſoars above trifles, he leaves all the lumber of the ſtage to minor critics—his attention is ſolely fixed upon the elegance, the brilliancy, the magnificence of decorations.—Would Harlequin Sorcerer ever have appeared in its preſent ſplendor, or Orpheus and Eurydice have been revived, had it not been for his indefatigable application and aſſiduity? This part of the drama he has made his peculiar ſtudy, and conſidering it as a ſcience, he applies himſelf to the theory when he cannot arrive at the practice. He has a perfect miniature theatre in his own houſe, wherein he tries the effect of every piece of machinery that is afterwards

to

to appear—it was he that invented the dog-ſcene in Perſeus; and the ſun in Orpheus, which had long been eclipſed, was firſt obſerved to ſhine in his *orrery*; ſo that the recovery of this ſalutary planet, muſt be entirely attributed to the *Scenical ſyſtem*. After this it were needleſs to alledge any reaſons why Scenicus ſhould be ſo very ſanguine in oppoſing any unneceſſary encouragement that might be given to the droſs of theatrical performance, where taſte, wit, Harlequin, and pomp, were baniſhed.

Who knows not, or rather who did not know *Frontario?* The gay, the volatile, the vivacious, the impudent Frontario! bred in a court, with promiſes and expectations fed; ſuch nutriment naturally produced a circulation

tion of chyle, whoſe inſanity was viſible by the many eruptions of inflated ambition, petulant vanity, ill-timed raillery, and ſelf-adulation. His perſon, without that aukward affectation that he ſubſtituted for eaſe, would have been thought genteel, and his figure agreeable. Frontario was a profeſſed admirer of the ſex, nor were the ladies leſs ſtudious to court his favour—not ſo much through love as fear. His inexhauſtible ſmall talk always gave him acceſs, and moſt frequently commanded attention—his dominant turn for ſeverity, gave him a happy knack of painting deformity in a ridiculous light, and as the world is always more addicted to ſcandal than praiſe, he had found out the art of tickling the ear with the ſhafts of ſatyr; by thoſe who applauded him, he was de-

ſpiſed

ſpiſed—by thoſe who ſupported him, he was dreaded. Frontario never heſitated ſaying a rude thing, at any time, in any place, or to any perſon, if it carried the leaſt ſtamp of pleaſantry—Who but Frontario could have told lady ——, at the Ridotto, moſt viſibly pregnant, after treading her ſhoe down, upon her turning round ſomewhat nettled, and ſaying, "Lord, Sir,—you tread upon one." "No madam,—but I ſee you have been at it?"—Or who but him could have been ſo cuttingly ſevere upon poor *Eſſay* the poet, who loſing a guinea to him at a public place, and not having the money to pay, made him the trite apology, "that having changed his breeches by accident, he had left his purſe in the other pair;" when Frontario replied, "By G—d, Sir, that's a lie—for to my certain

tain knowledge, you have worn thoſe very breeches conſtantly theſe two years?" Add to the inſult, the miſfortune of theſe very breeches being green with gold garters, extremely ſhabby, and therefore not a little remarkable; ſo that every by-ſtander gave credit, as indeed they had ſome reaſon, to Frontario's aſſertion.

From theſe anecdotes, it may be queſtioned, whether I had not Frontario in my eye, when I penned my dedication, as it may be ſuggeſted from hence, that he is *the moſt impudent man alive?* And I, therefore, think it neceſſary to clear him from the imputation, by aſſuring the reader, there is *one* man alive more impudent than Frontario.

He was upon the point of marriage with a lady of very conſiderable fortune,

tune, into whoſe good graces he found the art of inſinuating himſelf, when ſome worthy friend of his, envious of his ſucceſs, found means to acquaint the lady's relations with the match, at the ſame time painting Frontario in the blackeſt colours, and repreſenting her upon the brink of ruin without their intervention. This intimation had the deſired effect; the lady was informed her lover was addicted to every vice, and guilty of every crime that humanity could be ſuſceptible of. She ſhuddered at the danger ſhe had eſcaped, was taken into the country by her relations to divert her thoughts, and make her forget her ſuitor: he had however ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on her, that neither his imaginary guilt nor abſence could ſtifle her paſſion, which preyed upon her the more ſhe was con-

convinced her ruin would attend her ever indulging a farther correſpondence. She fell a martyr to falſe honour, and too ready an acquieſcence to her friends repreſentations.

This intereſting diſappointment, and the ſhocking cataſtrophe it produced, are thought to have had ſome effect upon Frontario's intellects, and to have increaſed that flighty, diſſipated turn, he henceforward indulged in a greater extreme than ever. In one of his frantic moods, being out of caſh, he toſſed up his commiſſion againſt a ſum of money, and loſt it. As this was his principal ſupport, it is not wonderful he ſhould have recourſe to many ſtratagems to ſupport himſelf. There is one told of him that ruined his credit in Covent-Garden, at leaſt amongſt the bagnio-keepers. Bringing one night a lady

lady to Mrs. G—d's, he liked the ſupper and accommodations ſo well, that he ſtaid there a couple of weeks, living in as profuſe a manner as the indulgence of the houſe could permit. His hoſteſs, imagining ſhe had a man of fortune in her houſe, whom ſhe expected to gull for a fine round ſum, never hinted at a bill all this while, and would in all likelihood have given him credit for a month longer, if Frantario had not ſent down to borrow ſome gold till he went in the city, which ſhe lent him, but which, however, excited her curioſity and ſuſpicion at the ſame time concerning her guſt: and being informed of his taper capital, ſhe did not heſitate a minute ſending him up his bill, with the money borrowed tacked to it, and deſiring prompt payment, as ſhe had a large ſum to make

up

up for her wine-merchant. Frontario found excuſes for deferring the payment for three or four days longer, when his landlady thought it was high time to begin to have a conference with her lodger, and ſhe threatened him with an arreſt if he did not immediately acquit the bill, now amounting to near forty pounds; to which he replied,—"Look ye, madam, it is true, I have eat, drank and —— ſlept in your houſe for almoſt three weeks, for which you have the conſcience to charge me near forty pounds, which you may arreſt me for, but which I neither can or will pay—But if you take this ſtep, I ſhall take another that will be fully as diſagreeable to you. I ſhall lodge an information againſt you for keeping a public brothel, which you are ſenſible I can teſtify upon oath." Mrs. G—d was

by

by this time too well acquainted herſelf with Frontario's turn and reſolution, not to doubt the ſincerity of his aſſertion, and in order to get rid of him, ſhe readily gave him a receipt in full at the bottom of the bill, though ſhe never received a farthing of it.

With ſuch talents, abilities and qualifications, who ſo proper to ſupport a theatrical riot, as Frontario, who ſo fit to act in quality of aid-de-camp to Scenicus? The judgment of Scenicus was never ſo conſpicuous as in this choice, which the conduct and ſucceſs of the enterpriſe fully evinced.

This theatrical conteſt fixed the attention of the board of criticiſm for ſeveral ſucceſſive days; and a committee was named to examine into the many other innovations of the ſtage, in order that they might be immediately and effec-

effectually reformed; and the committee having duly debated the same, made report of the following resolutions, which they had taken.

Resolved,

That no author be allowed above one benefit for any dramatic piece he may write, except it be a pantomime, or a ballad farce.

Resolved,

That no actor shall be allowed by any manager above forty shillings a week; unless he can perform Harlequin, Pierrot, Scaramouch, or some such capital character in the pantomime.

Resolved,

That, for the future, the disposition of the play-bills be altered as well as the performance, and that the pantomime be henceforward always placed, as well as represented, first; and the capital

capital performers therein to have their names in the largeſt letters; that the *petite pieces* (tragedy or comedy) that may be afterwards added (as ſhall be expreſſed in the great bills) be conſidered as an entertainment, and half price be taken for the ſame.

Reſolved,

That no expence be ſpared in bringing out Harlequin Ranger, the Genii, and all the other pantomimes, written by Mr. W—d, at the New Houſe, and that full price be allowed for the ſame.

Reſolved,

That Mr. W—d have three benefits for each of the ſaid pantomimes, clear of all deductions, beſides copy-money.

Reſolved,

That *Columbine* be conſidered henceforward as a capital character, and be

put, at leaſt, upon a level with Juliet, Jane Shore, Belvidera, Monimia, or any other principal tragic female character.

Reſolved,

That unleſs Mrs. Cibber, Mrs Pritchard, and Miſs Macklin, agree to perform the ſame, their ſalaries be reduced to forty ſhillings a week.

Reſolved,

That Mr. Garrick, ſhall bring out a new pantomime this winter; and that he himſelf perform the part of Harlequin, on pain of being brought upon his knees to aſk pardon of the pit, in caſe he prove refractory.

Reſolved,

That Mr. Holland, Mr. Obrien, Mr. Roſs, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Moody, are uſeleſs people, and an unneceſſary incumberance to the public, and therefore

fore be immediately diſcharged their preſent ſervices.

Theſe reſolutions being read and agreed to, they were ordered to be printed, and diſtributed in all the coffee-houſes about town, and at both the theatres.

In conſequence of the *nota-bene* lately tacked to the advertiſement of my book, ſignifying, that "If ſuch gentlemen as thought juſtice had not been done them in the firſt edition, by ſending a proper account of themſelves, due notice would be taken of them in the next edition," my Bookſeller has received the following letters; which looking upon as a debt due to the public, I here ſubjoin.

Bedford Coffee-houſe,
January 10, 1763.

It is highly ſurpriſing that ſo impartial an annaliſt as you pretend to be of this ſpot, ſhould have paſſed me over in utter ſilence, though I have made more noiſe, and occaſioned more talk, within the period you pretend to give the hiſtory of, than any actor, author, genius, dueliſt, buck or blood, that ever made his appearance here. If I have not ſaid ſo many good things below-ſtairs, I have played for more money above-ſtairs, than all your wits put together—and though I have not been ſo lucky at double entendre as *Errato* and ſome other of your firſt-rate punſters in the coffee-room, I have made ſome of the fineſt ſtrokes that ever were ſeen in the billiard room. It was me, Sir, that firſt reduced bil-

liards

ſtards to a ſcience, found out that it was neceſſary to temper the body as well as the mind to arrive at any proficiency in it; to this end I fixed my regimen to water gruel, to render my hand ſteady, and read the life of Socrates every morning to endue me with patience.—On the eve of a great match I took my ſweats, and never drank a dram but at eleven-all, and the ball againſt me, to fortify the nerves and brace the tendons.

Many other rules I laid down and practiſed, to bring this uſeful art to perfection, and the world readily allowed me to be the greateſt adept at it that ever yet appeared. From what I have ſaid you will readily conclude, that I ſoon amaſſed a great fortune—no—alas! Sir, my fate was like that of all great ſchemiſts, I ruined myſelf for

the benefit of the public—with this difference, from the common run of projectors, I had always my own personal intereſt in view; but practiſing ſo many fineſſes to monopolize all the gains, I frequently found myſelf the only loſer.

I do not write this, Sir, in expectation of any relief from you, or even thoſe who have long ſince ſquandered away my hundreds, but that you may make honourable mention of ſo reſpectable a character, as, Sir, your admirer and humble ſervant,

Andrew Slender.

For my part, I am not a competent judge of the matter to give my opinion of the merits of this great performer; nor do I think any apology neceſſary to be made for having omitted him in theſe Memoirs, as I never intended tak-

ing in the billiard room; but perhaps it may be a useful hint to Mr. Slender to remind him, as he has made billiards so much his study, it is imagined, if he were to follow the example of the great Hoyle, and write a treatise upon it, he might recruit his finances.

N. B. If he should want the assistance of any books in the prosecution of this elaborate work, it may not be improper to inform him he may be supplied with the best editions of *Dyche's* Spelling-book, and *Greenwood's* Grammer, by applying to the publisher hereof.

## To the Author of the Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-houſe.

Sir, Broad-court, Jan. 19.

When a public writer pretends to give an account of the ſtate of the theatres, and a character of the performers, who have made their appearance, during the period of his writing, it is the higheſt pitch of partiality, to mention ſome actors of little or no merit, and paſs over others of much ſuperior talents. I am amongſt the number of the laſt who have ſo juſt a right to complain—if indeed I never appeared in Richard, Romeo, Hamlet, Cato, and ſuch like characters, the manager allows me to have as great *power* in my walk as thoſe who rant out ſoliloquies by the hour. There is nobody treads the ſtage with more

care,

care, delivers a meſſage with more grace, or preſents a letter with more elegance, than me; and though my ſalary is not amongſt the firſt claſs, nobody appears with wigs better dreſſed, cleaner linen, or whiter ſtockings. I could enumerate many other of my excellencies, but ſhall paſs them over till ſuch time as I come out in a top character, which I very ſoon expect to be put into in the Virgin Unmaſk'd—I hope, Sir, when you ſee me acquit myſelf with elegance of the part of the *Apothecary* in that much-admired farce, you will think me worthy of notice in your Memoirs.

By printing this letter, in the mean while, in your next edition, you will greatly oblige, Sir,

your very humble ſervant,

Charles Faggot.

The Author's reſpects to Mr. Faggot, begs him a thouſand pardons, for the omiſſion, and will make him all the amends in his power, as ſoon as he opens his lips, and to that end deſires to know which houſe he belongs to.

Bedford Coffee-houſe,
January, 20. 1763.

Sir,

I have frequented the Bedford theſe four years; and though I cannot ſay I think I am remarkable for any thing but ſpitting about the room, as I long to ſee myſelf in print, I beg you will inſert this, which will greatly oblige your reader and admirer,

William Quid.

To the Genius.

Pray, Sir, do you think you ſupport the character you aſſumed to yourſelf, of

of annaliſt and biographer of the Bedford coffee-houſe, the receptacle of beaux-eſprits, genius's and men of honour, when you make no mention of ſuch perſons as me, remarkable for their taſte, valour and gallantry? It was me, Sir, that brought up the *ramillie*, and laid down the roll-up ſtocking—It was me that introduced the yellow ſcabbard, and aboliſhed the iron periwigs—it was me that had three pitched duels, four rencounters, and three running affairs of honour in one year, and in every one of which I came off with glory and ſucceſs. It was me that debauched L—y C—r, and introduced K—y F—r upon the town—It was me, Sir, that firſt brought the Bedford into its preſent great repute; and it is me, Sir, that writes you

this, to be inrolled amongſt the foremoſt of the meteors of the age.

Being, &c.

Fulminator.

The overſight of ſo glaring and dazzling a perſon, muſt be acknowledged a great deficiency in theſe Memoirs, and the author is extremely ſorry *Fulminator* has not decorated his epiſtle with ſome *ſtill more* ſtriking and particular features, that he might with greater certainty and preciſion be known; for as there are ſo many who lay claim to having improved and reformed the faſhions in all thoſe points he mentions, as there are ſo many *men of honour* who kill their twenty men a week, and meeting with *twenty more* kill them, and there being every whit as many men of gallantry, who arrogate to them-

themſelves having been the firſt favourites of thoſe celebrated ladies; that it is very hard to aſcertain any particular perſonage by theſe general outlines.

To the Author of the Memoirs of the Bedford, &c.

Sir,

I profeſs to you it is amazing, that ſo learned a writer as you appear to be, ſhould be ſo ſparing of your Greek and Latin—ſcarce a ſentence in your whole work!—and not ſo much as a motto. I would ſooner have clapt *Sic tranſit gloria mundi*, than have been without one. Had you conſulted me, theſe deficiencies ſhould have been properly ſupplied—and I would have furniſhed you, as a proper *addenda*, with a derivation of every word in your book. This would have been the certain method of

ſecuring

ſecuring the opinion of the learned world, and have ſtifled the moſt inveterate criticiſm. Another material objection to your Memoirs, is that you have paſſed over in utter ſilence ſo reſpectable a character as me, who have been one of the principal pillars of the Bedford, and the moſt remarkable member of the republic of letters. That you may ſupply theſe deficiencies, and make atonement for theſe errors, is, I profeſs to you, the reaſon of this addreſs from,

Sir, your humble ſervant,

T. Lexicon, M. D.

The Genius is highly obliged to Dr. Lexicon for his learned hints; but as he can find very few characters ſimilar to our modern bucks, bloods and geniuſes, in the claſſical writers; and few affairs of honour ſemblant to the

modern;

modern art of duelling, are to be met with either in Homer, Virgil, Ovid or Horace, ſo he cannot without forcing the ſenſe of any one paſſage in either of thoſe writers apply it to the preſent work: but, leſt he may be miſtaken in this opinion, he will look again.

Brother Genius,

You certainly muſt have ſeen, heard, and ſubſcribed towards me at the Bedford—you certainly muſt remember my ſpeeches, rants and ſoliloquies—you muſt have admired my *Richard*—adored my *Hamlet*—and been faſcinated at my *Haſtings*—And yet, brother genius, you have not made the leaſt mention of me in your Memoirs—I have been turned out of half a dozen lodgings ſince you have ſeen me—have not been able to raiſe contributions theſe many months by my ſpouting at

the

the Bedford, and ſunk ſo low, that I am glad, with my wardrobe under my arm, to give the Moor—" put out the light, and then put out the light," for a pot of porter or a quartern of geneva. In this ſituation, Sir, like many a modern genius, I am ſtarving upon my brains, which I can aſſure you are very light food, and quickly digeſted; therefore intreat you to take notice of me in a good natured way in your next edition, and recommend a ſubſcription in my favour, as I can aſſure you, if ſome ſpeedy relief does not come, I ſhall not be able to ſubſcribe myſelf more than, Your's,

The Ghoſt of a Genius.

N. B. If you have any intereſt with either of the managers, pray recommend me as a very fit perſon, to perform the apothecary in Romeo—" My poverty, and not my will, conſents."

This *ghoſt of a Genius* has, I am afraid, walked too often at midnight in porter-houſes and night-cellars, ever to reſume the appearance of humanity and figure as a decent member of ſociety. However, as the perſon under this appellation is well known in the ſpouting world, and his neceſſities are, it is believed, at preſent full as many as they are repreſented, ſuch generous and charitable perſons as think him an object of charity, may relieve him by their donations ſent to the publiſher, which will be carefully tranſmitted him.

To the Author.

Sir,

There is no doubt, that, by the character of Mr. Eitherſide, the great political writer, you certainly meant me; and upon my firſt reading of it, and in the ferment of my paſſion, I ſhould certainly

tainly have called you to account in a gentleman-like manner, if, luckily for you, my sword had not then been in my uncle's poſſeſſion: I have ſince had the philoſophy to conſider your picture as nothing more than a ludicrous repreſentation of myſelf, and the many other political writers, who, without having the leaſt perſonal intereſt, party attachment, or public zeal in the preſent *ſtate* conteſt, abuſe and inſult half the great perſonages in the kingdom, for the ſake of a few pence: and viewing your ſatyr in this light, I may venture to ſay I am greatly obliged to you, as you have opened my eyes, and I now ſee the infamy of proſtituting my pen, and aſperſing the moſt amiable characters for a little dirty gain. In this opinion, Sir, and as the preſent harveſt is now at an end, I am reſolved never

never to be dabbling again in political controverſies, but, like a brother writer, have turned my mind entirely to phyſic and noſtrums: if I am not ſo ſucceſsful as him to ride in my chariot with the ſole aſſiſtance of honey-water, bardana, and puddle-dock, I hope at leaſt to live comfortably upon the *eſſence of life*, and the *genuine alimentary powder*. The firſt, Sir, by its extraordinary operation, gives an admirable circulation to the blood and juices, deſtroys the hypocondriac, promotes the moſt natural deſires, and creates the moſt agreeable ideas: the ſecond great noſtrum, is an improvement upon a diſcovery lately made in France, and which will be highly ſerviceable to the republic of letters, this powder ſerving for both meat and drink; and as an ounce will ſupport a genius a week, it is hoped

none

none of the literati will ever periſh through want when it is made public. I could ſwell a folio without exhauſting the praiſes of theſe two great noſtrums; but ſhall add nothing at preſent, except the acknowledgment I make of the obligation due to you for having diverted my attention from the body politic to the body corporate, and I flatter myſelf I ſhall not appear ſo great a quack in my new vocation as my former. I am, &c.

This letter requires no comment, without it were to wiſh the character of Eitherſide might work as good an effect upon his cotemporaries, as it has upon himſelf, and thereby eaſe the preſs from the political labours it groans under.

FINIS.

DOES NOT
CIRCULATE

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